Reader's Digest

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NO. 87

JULY, 1929

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The Bookman's Monthly Score

From The Bookman (May, 1929)

A list of books most in demand in public libraries, compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, life member of the American Library Association, in coöperation with the Public Libraries of America.

GENERAL

1.	Elizabeth and Essex*	*Lytton Strachey*	HARCOURT, BRACE
2.	Strange Interlude	*Eugene O'Neill*	LIVERIGHT
3.	Mother India	*Katherine Mayo*	HARCOURT, BRACE
4.	John Brown's Body	*Stephen Vincent Benét*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
5.	Whither Mankind?*	*Charles A. Beard*	LONGMANS, GREEN
6.	The Art of Thinking*	*Ernest Dimnet*	SIMON & SCHUSTER
7.	Rasputin*	*René Fülöp-Miller*	VIKING
8.	The Royal Road to Romance	*Richard Halliburton*	BOBBS-MERRILL
9.	Meet General Grant*	*W. E. Woodward*	LIVERIGHT
10.	The Magic Island*	*William B. Seabrook*	HARCOURT, BRACE
11.	Goethe	*Emil Ludwig*	PUTNAM
12.	Abraham Lincoln	*Albert J. Beveridge*	BOBBS-MERRILL

FICTION

1.	Peder Victorious*	*O. E. Rolvaag*	HARPERS
2.	Old Pybus	*Warwick Deeping*	KNOPF
3.	The Bishop Murder Case*	*S. S. Van Dine*	SCRIBNER'S
4.	Silver Slippers	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
5.	Joseph and His Brethren*	*H. W. Freeman*	H. HOLT
6.	Point Counter Point*	*Aldous Huxley*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
7.	Mamba's Daughters*	*Du Bose Heyward*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
8.	The Case of Sergeant Grischa*	*Arnold Zweig*	VIKING
9.	Harness	*A. Hamilton Gibbs*	LITTLE, BROWN
10.	All Kneeling	*Anne Parrish*	HARPERS
11.	Silas Bradford's Boy	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
12.	Lantern in Her Hand*	*Bess Streeter Aldrich*	APPLETON

*This title did not appear in the Monthly Score given in our *April* issue.

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Dramatizing the Technical Ascent of Man

Condensed from The Scientific Monthly (June '29)

Waldemar Kaempffert, Director, Rosenwald Industrial Museum

THE Rosenwald Industrial Museum, to be completed by 1933 in Chicago, will have no counterpart anywhere, despite the outward similarity it will bear to the industrial museums in Berlin, Paris and London. This forward step is to be taken by amplifying foreign practice — by presenting not only machines in motion but also by dramatizing the social and economic consequences that have attended the evolution of industrial processes.

The Rosenwald Museum will be an exact replica of the old Fine Arts building of the World's Exposition of 1893, an architectural masterpiece which, in the opinion of the late Augustus Saint Gaudens, "is the finest thing done since the Parthenon." The building will cost $5,000,000 to be defrayed by the city and will be erected in Jackson Park, on the old site. Mr. Julius Rosenwald has given $3,000,000 for exhibits. A collection which will ultimately be worth $30,000,000 will be housed in the structure.

One after another the great inventions and discoveries will be taken up, first to be explained technically and then to be socially and economically integrated with their time. Hence we must not be content with a working model of the first Otis elevator. We must also show how that elevator made possible the Chicago and New York that we know, cities with structures towering to heights that still seem incredible to many a European.

Similarly, the cotton-gin will

be shown as a simple mechanism changing the entire primitive character of the South, creating a demand for labor which was met by the importation of slaves, thus confronting us with a social problem.

In the Rosenwald Museum frequent use will be made of dioramas, miniature stages on which apparatus is mounted amid a dramatic setting. Scores of motion-picture machines will be found, operated for the most part by pushbuttons. It will be their function to clarify the obscurities of radio and X-rays, the Einstein theory and the wheeling of the planets. With their aid the public will be photographically transported into steel mills and factories to learn how the principles elucidated by moving models have been industrially applied. Some of the films will talk in sound-proof booths and thus relieve attendants of much lecturing.

The experiment will be made of substituting here and there living flesh and blood for wax manikins. If a scientist lectures in the auditorium on primitive inventions he will be assisted, if need be, by skilled and suitably costumed pantomimists who, amid proper surroundings, will live over again the precarious lives led by huntsmen 40,000 years ago or give us a vivid glimpse of what existence must have been among the Swiss pile-dwellers.

Because of the bulkiness of full-sized models, the Rosenwald Industrial Museum must telescope time and space. A railroad car will be constructed which will be divided into periods. In the first compartment you may seat yourself, and experience all the sensations of bumping over the poorly ballasted and none-too-well-laid rails of the 40's; for that compartment will be mechanically shaken to impart the realities of a railway journey in the days of our grandfathers. As you look out of the window you see the landscape of the time — a realistic painting, ingeniously illuminated, traveling endlessly on rollers. The last compartment will be that of a modern Pullman sleeper, and from the windows the painted skyscrapers of Chicago will be visible.

There will be a street 90 feet long which will be divided into periods of time. In two minutes the visitor will walk from the 17th century to the 20th. He will see a gentleman of Elizabethan London carried in a chair through the mud with link-boys to light his way home; he will note the absence of an adequate water supply and drainage system. As he steps into the next division it will strike him that oil lamps illuminate the darkness and that footway and carriageway have improved. And, so, as he walks on, he will be impressed with the

change wrought by the introduction of gas and electricity, of water and sewer mains and of better houses.

The museum will help us to interpret life. Take the road, for example. It is not enough to show how the Appian Way was built or what were the technical methods that made the roads of Macadam and Telford. We must contrast the smooth, hard road of today with the knee-deep mud through which our colonial forefathers plowed their way. It is easy enough to imagine a diorama which will explain the difficulties of trading 200 years ago and prepare the visitor for the railway and the enormous part that it played in the national and international growth of manufactures.

Few persons are aware that as early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth England's forests had been hewn down, and that Englishmen were more or less dependent on coal as a household and industrial fuel. The coal mines, mere open pits for the most part, were drowned, and the horse-pumps of the time were unable to drain them. By the early 18th century the situation was critical. The economic pressure acted on the brains of many engineers for at least a century. Two engineers, Newcomen and Savery, proved equal to the task of devising a steam-pump which would surpass the horse as an engine.

The Rosenwald Museum will dramatize the story of this social and economic pressure. How? Imagine a diorama in which as many as 500 horses are shown hopelessly struggling with the rising water of a drowned mine. In the neighborhood, smithies and primitive workshops stand idle for lack of fuel. Imagine, too, a suitably worded label which will drive home the full significance of the scene.

The next step is, of course, the invention of the steam-engine by James Watt — impossible without the structure of Newcomen and Savery to build upon. Then follows the most extraordinary social and economic transformation that the world has ever seen — the "industrial revolution." The museum will depict what it meant to place mechanical energy at the disposal of industry. Charts will show how coal mines were opened in every civilized country, how great industrial cities sprang up near coal mines, how social problems were created in these industrial centers that only the combined resources of bacteriology, medicine and engineering could solve. The visitor who leaves the museum will come away with the impression that James Watt was something more than a great inventor — that he did more to transform the face of the earth and mold social institutions than Alexander the Great

and Napoleon Bonaparte, and that history is made in the laboratory as well as on the battlefield.

Similarly, chemistry will be presented both as a technical aid and as a social and economic force. It is not enough to trace thousands of drugs, perfumes, flavors and explosives back to coal-tar. We must also connect coal-tar with the industrial rise of modern Germany. Nor can we ignore its effect in strangling the indigo industry of India or the madder-root, of France, which latter was responsible for the turkey-red with which the trousers of the French soldiers were once dyed.

One hall in the museum will be devoted to Concepts of the Day, in which the visitor will catch some glimpses of the technical future. Television, for example, has become a reality. If that hall were in existence we would display in it a model to make the underlying principle plain and to forecast such social effects as the possibility of producing a play in Chicago and of seeing it and hearing it, with the aid of the loud speaker, in every important city.

The need of an educational institution such as the Rosenwald Industrial Museum is apparent. Imagine the mental stimulus that future Edisons and Westinghouses will receive from such an institution. Many a lad is bound to discover that engineering is his true bent. Time was when even those who were not themselves artisans had at least an elementary knowledge of the leading arts and crafts. Horses were shod in a smithy with wide open doors. In this day of the automobile few of the younger generation have even seen the process of manufacture. Houses are still built in the open, but the window frames and posts are delivered ready made from the mill so that the carpenter is almost reduced to the status of an assembler of delivered lumber. The factory and the machine have so far usurped the place of the old-time craftsman that nearly all technical processes, from the making of a tin-whistle to the building of a locomotive, are now carried on with the aid of massive machines which are mysteries because they are rarely seen by the public. As for the social effects that follow the introduction of new machines and processes, we are aware of them but we do not grasp their deep significance.

There is no lack of interest in technology, as the small crowds testify that are fascinated by a steam-shovel excavating on the site of a future building. But the people have no opportunity to gratify that interest, no opportunity to survey the technical and social progress of the past. It is the primary purpose of the Rosenwald Industrial Museum to create that opportunity.

Henry Ford's Great Gift

Condensed from The Mentor (June, '29)

Ruth Kedzie Wood

HENRY FORD was born in a pioneer American farmhouse, and he cherishes deeply the background of his youth. It was the restoration of his birthplace that first led him to collect American furnishings and implements. In order to restore objects similar to those his mother's hands had used, he even gave instructions to dig up the ground adjoining the house, to find pieces of iron and crockery which had been thrown out. These delvings brought to light a piece of Mary Ford's table china — only a fragment, but enough to enable a modern potter to duplicate the pattern in a set of dishes for the cottage shelves.

Henry Ford has become the super-collector of America. A short while ago I was permitted an intimate view of the preparations now maturing at Dearborn for the museum of American life and industry that is to rise on a 125-acre tract. In size it will be many times larger than any existing museum; in intent it will be commemorative and, above all, educative.

"We ought to know more about the families who founded this nation," Mr. Ford has said. "One way to do this is to reconstruct as nearly as possible the conditions under which they lived. Then we have a history that is intimate and alive, instead of something in a book.

"Here in Dearborn we are assembling a complete series of every article used or made by the first settlers in America, and in many instances we are extending the series down to the present time. When we are through we shall have reproduced American life and preserved in actual working form at least a part of our history and our tradition."

The museum will comprise a group of handsome buildings of Colonial type, with a central unit patterned after Independence Hall. General classifications will include physical demonstrations of the development of American Agriculture; Transportation; Mines and Metallurgy; Houses and Accessories; Home Industries and Customs; Costume; Amusements; Communication; Lighting; Trade and Commerce; Timekeeping; Medicine and Surgery; Music and Instruments; Photography; Government and Law (exhibits concerning public welfare, punishment, notices);

Science and Education; Religious Practices; Taverns, Inns, furnishings and customs; Fire Prevention; Forestry and Woodworking; Horticulture and Floriculture; Machine Tool and Shop Practice.

The prolific possibilities for illustration of the heads above outlined are indicated by exhibits under Transportation. Already the vehicular relics number in the hundreds. The pack horse and the post rider will be represented. All styles of carriages, from chaise to gig, from buggy to automobile, from sledge to stage, are here in profusion. Auxiliary exhibits will show the wagon-making, wheelwright and harness trades; American road development; old milestones; various materials for surfacing; the evolution of tricycle, bicycle and airplane; saddles, foot warmers, bells, traveling trunks; and a succession of water-craft models — dugout, sloop, packet, clipper and ocean steamer.

Figures dressed in period sequence will give the visitor a rare idea of the conceits of fashion in the past three centuries. Children and adults at play will occupy one unique department. Grandfather's quills, inkwells, sanding boxes, sealing-wax winders, stampless letters and the postbags they were carried in — these will stir interest in happenings long passed. The varied forms of candles and lamps, hand-fashioned chandeliers, oil burners and early models of the electric-light bulb assembled during recent years by Mr. Ford are numbered in the thousands, and constitute a superb museum in themselves. Nothing comparable with this exhibit is to be found elsewhere; and, for that matter, this statement is true of all the phases of America's life history in which Mr. Ford has specialized.

Already in place under the square central tower is a unique tablet devised by Mr. Ford as a memorial to the inventor who for over threescore years has been an active force in the progress of America — his long-time friend, Thomas A. Edison. Last September in Dearborn Mr. Edison walked across a soft square of cement, leaving his footsteps imbedded there in perpetuity, and then with a firm sweep of the arm inscribed his signature.

Especially will Edison's spirit hover over the departments where experimental models, both primitive and modern, will exemplify to student and layman the steps preceding the present state of American invention, particularly in its application to human betterment. On the grounds adjoining the museum the Edison workships at Menlo Park and Fort Myers will be set up as far as feasible in the original. There, employing the inventor's own

tools and laboratory fittings, anniversary dates such as the 50th birthday of the incandescent light bulb, due next fall, will be observed.

The exhibits in the Colonial halls of the museum will have a rival in popular favor in the archaic American village to be laid out informally about a typical green. Homes and workshops will be occupied by men and women dressed in attire appropriate to the period in which they are assumed to be living. The weaver, the smithy, the cobbler, the chandler — all will be shown at their trades. An inn built at Clinton, Michigan, 99 years ago has already been moved to the spot. A century-old grist- and sawmill is also in place — Mr. Ford collects buildings as casually as he buys jugs and warming pans.

An old town hall, an inn, a church and a general store, already transported here piece by piece, will serve as meeting places for villagers and visitors. An old fire house will house crude pumps that were once a citizenry's pride. A replica of the famous old locomotive "Rocket" has been made from the original drawings and will be on exhibition.

In the by-ways of the American Village, in shops where business and industry will proceed in the ancient manner, in homes where housewives will conduct their affairs according to methods long out-moded but endeared to us all, in every cranny, in recreations on the green, in school and church, will be reproduced the scene that was America.

In Massachusetts Mr. Ford has added to his wealth of Americana by acquiring the Wayside Inn at Sudbury and 1600 adjoining acres having on them numerous old houses, shops, mills and barns. The total expenditure on this property is now over a million dollars.

Mr. Ford bought these houses, as he bought all the other objects that have gone into this unrivaled enterprise, "to save them for America," to stir the springs of human life, to chronicle the advancement of our people.

Closely connected with American personages and episodes, they are all part of the stupendous scheme to put at the nation's disposal an illustrated course in comparative civilization. What Mr. Ford is doing and has in mind to do can scarcely be appraised in the present. Only posterity can gauge its importance.

The Windmill That Flies

Condensed from The North American Review (June, '29)

Donald F. Rose

IN December, 1928, at Bryn Athyn, near Philadelphia, I hurried out of the house to see a queer aircraft which demonstrated its defiance of all aeronautical laws. It flapped along a bare hundred feet from the ground, it flew slow and fast, it stood almost still in the air. It circled a near-by school, and then hung itself in the air above the flag pole while the pilot waved a greeting to the children. At last it spun away across the fields to the factory, dropped almost vertically to the ground and rolled a few feet to a standstill.

The pilot was Harold F. Pitcairn, president of the several Pitcairn aeronautical enterprises, and the machine was the Autogiro. It is the invention of Juan de la Cierva, a Spaniard who has worked on it for many years in England, and the Pitcairn-Cierva Autogiro Co. of America has purchased all rights to its manufacture in this country and is rapidly perfecting its design for immediate commercial production.

It looks in flight like nothing yet seen in heaven or earth. It turns corners in the familiar fashion of Charlie Chaplin, and it wanders around the sky in a way to give an air-minded layman heart failure. It comes flapping down within 15 feet of the earth, changes its mind and flaps up again. It streaks across the sky faster than an express train, and at last idles down to the ground, lands in the space of a tennis court, and rolls no more than ten feet to a standstill.

This is no wild dream. It is a present-day fact of real importance. I have flown in the machine, and observed the scientific skill that is being devoted to its perfection. Within a month or so it will be under manufacture in an American factory, and shortly thereafter — unless all signs fail — it will be a commonplace of the American skies.

The airplane has three weaknesses. It demands too much space for leaving and returning to the ground, it has an undesirably high landing speed, and it cannot take care of itself if the pilot's skill or watchfulness fail. It is because the Autogiro promises to escape a large share of these three hazards that we may risk the presumption that aviation is now entering a new era.

This new age promises a sky scene unlike anything yet im-

agined. It promises that the air levels will be fairly thronged with strange craft which will flap their way along, comparatively indifferent to weather and ignoring the elaborate airways which we so feverishly build today. They will come and go through our city air, alight on building tops, and be parked casually in half-acre lots everywhere. They will be cheap and therefore numerous; they will be safe and easy to fly. Among and above them will still be seen the sleek planes, used for long distances and fast flight, but the commonplace of the air will be a flying machine which would today seem a freak and absurdity.

The Autogiro is not a helicopter. Its fundamental principle is involved in its "autogyration," which means that its flight is sustained not alone by the forward movement of the whole craft, but by the combined effect of forward motion with the revolution of its "wings."

The machine itself has a conventional fuselage, an ordinary aviation motor and propeller in the usual place, and tail surfaces and rudder like those of an ordinary plane. It has, however, no wings like those we are accustomed to, except for brief fins which serve principally to carry the banking controls. From the center of the craft rises a steel mast, at the top of which is a "rotor," a four-bladed windmill-like arrangement. It is not a propeller, since it propels nothing but swings freely on ball bearings. When in the air, this rotor revolves at a rate of about 140 revolutions per minute, approximately one-tenth the speed of the ordinary propeller.

The most startling fact of the Autogiro's flight is that it flies on this freely revolving rotor, which serves it exactly in the capacity of an airplane's wing. It was long ago discovered that a revolving surface would sustain flight effectively, but such flight had proved quite unsatisfactory and unstable, involving all sorts of rolling motions and "bumps."

The correction of this difficulty that has made the Autogiro practicable was effected by leaving the rotor blades free to adjust themselves to the air in which they spin. They are free to rise and fall within reasonable limits and to adjust somewhat to the changing strains of their forward and backward swing. The rotor becomes an exact mechanical equivalent of the maple seed which spins down slowly and easily to the earth, except that the forward flight of the ship produced by the engine and propeller out front, converts this slowly spinning set of vanes into a flying surface, and holds the whole craft in the air.

So that we now have a craft that flies like an airplane but settles to earth like a parachute.

It climbs like an airplane, though more steeply. It maintains in flight a speed comparable to that of ordinary light aircraft. It is notably stable and easy riding, since the floating vanes of the rotor take up most of the shocks of bumpy air. It lands with a minimum of help from the pilot. Actually it *lands itself*, right side up and with care. An Autogiro has been literally dropped for 1500 feet, and suffered nothing but a broken undercarriage.

The new ship is easy to fly, so that instructors have declared that a few hours would be sufficient to give a student practical mastery of it. The elimination of most of the landing problem puts flying within easy reach of everybody. It is economical to build, since the practical elimination of bending loads from the wings does away with a lot of costly handiwork. It enormously reduces the overhead charges of owning an airplane, since such a craft can take off from any decent field and land in a fair-sized lawn, and it needs a minimum of hangar space.

Such a ship does more to conquer the menace of fog and low visibility than all the mechanical devices yet contrived, since it can fly safely near the ground, fly slowly, and pick its landing place, on any lawn, vacant field, or back lot. It removes much of the psychological hazard that holds back passenger traffic, since the Autogiro has a sporting chance of getting safely to earth no matter what happens to the motor or the pilot.

One of the most conservative of American pilots has promised that within a few years — five at the most — an American business man will step into his Autogiro far out in the suburbs as nonchalantly as today he enters his waiting car. He will fly down to the city, alight on the roof of his own office building, and turn over his ship to an attendant to fly down to the city hangar. At evening the air will be filled with flying machines at levels regulated by traffic rules, taking their owners back again to their homes. With airplanes as they are today the picture is impossible. With a flying machine that can take its time, pick its perch, and be reasonable in its demands, it is not only possible but probable.

A Meeting of the Endorsers' Club

Condensed from The New Yorker (May 11, '29)

Corey Ford

AT the regular monthly meeting of the Endorsers' Club, held in the palatial home of Mrs. Frederick Cameron Church (née Muriel Vanderbilt), Chief Officer Manning was elected President of the Society for the coming term.

Chief Officer Manning's nomination was endorsed by Captain Fried, himself an endorser of no mean ability. Captain Fried complimented Mr. Manning on his services to the Endorsers' Club, and congratulated him upon what was without doubt the most original testimonial of the year, in which Chief Officer Manning recalled watching a seaman pause in the act of rowing a leaky lifeboat filled with 38 survivors of the *Florida* in order to light a Lucky in the very teeth of a howling Atlantic gale. It was endorsements like Chief Officer Manning's, Captain Fried concluded, which gave the society its reputation today.

The election itself was rather cut and dried. Each member of the Club was blindfolded and handed a ballot-box containing five ballots, wrapped in plain black paper and numbered from one to five. As the cameras clicked, each member in turn walked up to the ballot-box and took out these ballots, one by one. The blindfold was then removed, and the member remarked without hesitation: "Chief Officer Manning!" In gratitude for his election Chief Officer Manning presented each member with a handsome testimonial, signed by himself.

In order to prevent any jealousy (not that there *is* any jealousy in the Endorsers' Club, for in reality they are just one big happy family) an Association of Vice-Presidents was instantly formed, similar to the Vice-Presidents' Association of the Guaranty Trust Company, except that the Endorsers' Club Vice-Presidents do not have to wear morning coats. The Association consisted, in part, of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. (Chairman), Paul Poiret, Mrs. Robert R. McCormick, Sir Harry Lauder, Mrs. Sidney Borg, General Robert Lee Bullard, Queen Marie of Rumania, John J. Raskob, Anna Pavlowa, Paul Whiteman, Mrs. Henry W. Taft, and Countess Collorado Mannsfield of Vienna (née Nora Iselin).

Following the appointment of this Committee, nominations were

considered by the Society for new members; and after some discussion Miss Natica (Woodbury's Facial Soap) de Acosta, Miss Ruth (Tangee) St. Denis, Mrs. Jerome Napoleon (Borzoi Books) Bonaparte, Captain William (Simon & Schuster) McFee, Miss Naomi (Blue Jay Corn Plaster) Johnson, and Mr. Gene (Nujol) Tunney were duly elected to the club. Secretary of State Stimson was elected an Honorary Member for his endorsement of Mrs. Gann.

The next name to come up before the Society was that of a Mrs. Minnie F. Swackhamer of 124 Railroad Avenue, Council Bluffs, Iowa. It seems Mrs. Swackhamer has been an enthusiastic disciple of Friar Cohen's Little Liver Pills for 23 years, as have her husband and nine children. "They have kept us blooming with health," said Mrs. Swackhamer. Inasmuch as this testimonial had been published in a recent edition of the *Farmer's Almanac*, accompanied by her picture before *and* after taking, Mrs. Swackhamer felt that she had as good a right as any to join the Club.

"Do I hear any objections?" asked the Chair. Instantly several members of the Club leaped to their feet.

"I feel that the time has come for us to draw the line," declared Gloria Gould in a loud voice. "As everyone knows, the Endorsers' Club has come to take the place of the Four Hundred today in American life. The advertising sections of our magazines practically amount to a *Social Register*. Everybody who is *anybody* has been photographed at least beside a jar of Pond's Cold Cream, or a Simmons Mattress. We should certainly *try* to keep our organization as exclusive as possible, even if we only endorse cough-drops," and she glared pointedly at Glenn Hunter.

"It is bad enough when the Pepsodent and Yeast people employ testimonials from mere *nobodies*," agreed the Baroness de Grazia hastily.

"Mindful of the inherent responsibility of royalty in shaping the ideals of the bourgeoisie," interrupted the Princess Maryanna Mayovskaya, "I do not care to associate myself with endorsers of liver pills. After all, I have *some* pride . . ."

"As a matter of fact," said Mrs. Fifi Widener Holden after the motion had been thrown out, followed by Mrs. Swackhamer, "I think it is high time in this connection to bring up another little matter which I feel is proving detrimental to the dignity of the Club. I am referring to a certain tendency on the part of one or two explorer-members —" and she let her gaze wander slowly from Mr. to Mrs. Martin Johnson — "to be just a *little* prolific in

their endorsements of late. One cannot turn the pages of a magazine today without finding that Veedol Oil, Spratt's Dog Biscuits, Maxwell House Coffee, Allen's Foot Ease, and Dr. Eliot's Five Foot Shelf are being carried to the center of Africa or the South Pole. I really feel there should be more discrimination —"

"She's just jealous," whispered Mrs. Martin Johnson to her husband. "She was never invited to take an Old Gold blindfold test."

"Darling, you were perfectly stunning in that last Cutex advertisement," murmured Lady Heath to Anna Pavlowa.

"Not at all," purred Anna Pavlowa. "Really, dear, *your* Cutex ad was much sweeter than mine. You looked so *sincere* —"

"Mrs. Church, I should like to have you meet Mrs. Morgan Belmont," said the Countess Mannsfield. "I feel that we Simmons Mattress endorsers should get to know each other."

"So glad to see you with us in the Pond's group," nodded Mrs. Adrian Iselin II to Lady Lavery.

". . . decided to send my son to Yale," remarked another voice. "With a little influence he may make one of the college papers, and have a chance to endorse Old Golds."

"My son made the Harvard football team last year," replied her companion proudly, "and he's already endorsed two fountain pens, a portable typewriter, and a Bradley sweater."

". . . so of course I refused to go out to her weekend," confided Marilyn Miller to Paul Whiteman. "At least three of her guests had never been asked to endorse so much as a cigarette. Really, you know, I couldn't afford to be seen —"

In spite of the desperate efforts of the Chairman to control it the meeting disintegrated amid good-natured chaffing and exchanging of compliments. Mrs. Douglas (Maxwell House Coffee) MacArthur served one of her famous light Sunday suppers, and by way of entertainment Miss Constance Talmadge was persuaded to render a popular new endorsement, which consisted of reading a Borzoi Book blindfolded while smoking a Simmons Mattress soaked in Pond's Extract to keep that Pepsodent-bright smile.

In leaving, everybody vowed it was one of the happiest and most profitable meetings of the season.

Who Lives in Alaska—and Why?

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine (May, '29)

Mary Lee Davis

IF you had asked a Londoner in 1728 "Who lives in America — and why?" he would probably have answered, in effect, what people say today when asked this question about Alaska: "Wild Indians mostly, of course, and a few rough traders, religious fanatics, and ex-criminals. It's not a white man's country." Colonies are so often misunderstood!

The total population of "The Great Country," "The Continent," as the native word Alaska means, is 55,000; less than half are of the aboriginal Eskimo and Indian stocks and more than half are of our own white race. The Territory of Alaska today is a colony of transplanted Americans, holding in thin and far-flung line a vast section of continental American soil that was bought honestly by American money. Alaska actually is inhabited by Alaskans!

Who, then, are this strange race? I will tell you, though I admit at once that I write with prejudice, for the Alaskans are my friends and neighbors, and I who am speaking to you — I too am an Alaskan.

We Alaskans should be a happy people, for there are ten square miles of elbow-room for each human being of us, white and brown alike, in the land we love to call "God's Pocket." Three-fifths of the unaboriginal stock are American-born, a large percentage being men whose fathers took the Oregon and Santa Fé trails back in the great days following '49. A full half of these American-born first saw the light of dawn in the Mid-West States. Of the Alaskans who are foreign-born, 41 percent are, in round numbers, Scandinavian, 27 percent are British, and 10 percent Teutonic.

Most of the Scandinavians have been attracted to the fisheries of the Alaska coast, and three-fourths of them have made a home there. Canada supplies more than half the British settlers in Alaska, and includes many who are of French blood, especially among the Catholic sisterhoods who teach and nurse here, as well as the fine old breed of French-Canadian prospector and trapper. Although four-fifths of the total whites in Alaska live near the coast (and Alaska's coast-line is longer than that of the entire United States), the small Teu-

tonic element is the one most evenly spread, while the Danes, the Irish, and the Scotch have shown a particular liking for the great interior, which is shut out from the un-pacific sea by the highest mountains on our continent.

Here are the elements of empire, formless yet, but in ferment, and loyal Alaskans appreciate and favor all the diversity of this mixture. If we ourselves had cared overmuch for a homogeneous, a static world, we should not have come to Alaska; for to be an Alaskan today means as much implied non-conformity as being an American meant two hundred years ago. We know now how very difficult it is to perfect a democracy, because it does demand just this freely acting, distinct contribution from each one of its component members. So we thank our lucky polaric star for all these our dissimilars, believing that a true force is the result of differing tensions.

A human and dramatic story is told by the make-up of the population here. We have only 2000 foreign-born white women to 10,000 foreign-born white men. Taking a long chance with fate, these men have come a very far journey. Many of them feel that they have not yet made for themselves a secure financial place here and so have not yet sent for their kin.

But more than half of the American-born whites are women! Many of these women came to us first as teachers in white or Indian schools — and married, after perhaps one year of service, a good Norse or Scotch prospector. They have come as "missioners," as nurses, court stenographers, clerks in the various governmental agencies; and in all these professions the yearly turnover is tremendous, as any Alaskan bishop or school superintendent forcibly will tell you — *not* because these women return to the States, but because they marry here.

So the census figures tell a most romantic tale: a story of American women, with trained and intelligent minds, sailing up into the High North and finding their new-old woman's place, taking up the pioneer burden.

There are several thousand white children in Alaska today who are of school age, and many of these are Alaska-born, the real Sons and Daughters of the Golden North. Of the whites *under* 20, 2595 are boys and 2364 are girls, to share with equal shoulders the new burden of the North.

I love Alaska, its people, its space, its climate. Perhaps most of all I love the sense one has here of being an integer, a whole human unit, and not a cog. An Alaskan today is not a piece of

something already manufactured. We are busy making that something, and we have the same feeling about it, I have no doubt, that the far-seen colonists in 1728 must have had. Certainly they possessed no very clear notion, then, of what the finished product was to look like; but they enjoyed the job as they saw it, and dug in!

In writing of "who" lives in Alaska I find I have also told you "why." Perhaps that is not surprising, for who is ever two-thirds of why. A thirst for the far-away, the old human land-hunger, the desire to be masterless, the wish to escape the crowding economic complex, a will set against regimentation, sheer and clear dare-deviltry, a youthful love of new experience and adventure, "the urge that shot the first Norse prow beyond the home fiord" — all these and more have brought us here.

Since I wrote "God's Pocket" for "Scribner's" in 1924, I have received more than 200 letters asking for more information about Alaska as a place to migrate to. Doctors, lawyers, nurses, farmers, stenographers, teachers have written with revealing and sometimes poignant frankness: "Thus and so am I. Is there a place for me there, in your country?"

How can I answer? No one should come here seeking virgin gold. The hectic day of the great stampedes is fortunately past and with it went the flaming dance hall and the women of that type. Do not come here seeking the rainbow pot of fortune, but rather ask if there is in yourself the unrusting, enduring, ductile, and precious quality of that true golden mettle — to bear swift hammer-blow forever, a foil to fate, without fear of any breaking. Are you willing to throw all that tests high of you into the fusion of the North, to submit yourself here to its acid, bitter, sometimes cruel and searching reagents?

If your racial memory includes fiord, moor, fen, proud highland or gravid valley, endless spruce forest, roaring canyon, or nameless rivers, then you will be at home here. If your ancestors learned long generations ago to scorn mere cold, then you too will see a glory and a strength in the tense grip of a mid-Alaskan winter.

If by good fortune you have fallen heir to something more precious than authentic *Mayflower* furniture, then take your own chance, now. The *Mayflower* sails today from many a northward-facing port. Cast in your lot with this new colony of your race overseas, claim here your ten square miles of masterless space, and learn for yourself far the best answer to that question: "Who lives in Alaska — and why?"

Speak Up or Dry Up

Condensed from Collier's Weekly (June 8, '29)

Senator William E. Borah

RECENTLY I met an acquaintance with whose views on the 18th Amendment I am most familiar. He had just returned from abroad, and I expected to hear that his conception of the horrors of Prohibition had been fortified. But no —

"You will be surprised," said he. "I have come back an advocate of the 18th Amendment. I have witnessed such misery and squalor and crime in other countries due to the excessive use of liquor that I am for our plan. I have visited many countries, but I do not believe that I could select anything to take the place of our plan. We had better deal with the liquor traffic as an outlaw than as something legalized and to be controlled."

In other words, as my friend put it, if not the American plan, what plan?

No nation dares to cease its efforts to find a solution for its liquor problem. Quite recently the voters of England, moved by the conditions prevailing there, demanded of each of the three political parties a statement of how they proposed to deal with the subject.

To the critics of our plan I put this question: Is lawlessness to be accepted as a proper method of repealing laws?

Everyone will concede that the liquor problem must be dealt with in some manner. It cannot be permitted to make its own vicious rules and live its own ruthless life. The community must have a voice as to how the business shall be conducted — or whether at all.

After three-quarters of a century of discussion and experimenting with different methods, all of which seemed to break down, the people of this country deliberately and overwhelmingly adopted the 18th Amendment to the Constitution. When the law had been passed, it developed, as is natural in a democracy, that many believed the law unwise, even oppressive.

Ordinarily, these dissatisfied people would urge repeal, and, in doing so, would necessarily present another program for handling the subject — an alternative. But now the dissatisfied present no alternative. They denounce the law, decry its advocates, embarrass those who would enforce it. There are even those who assail a President because conscious of his oath and sensitive

of his obligation, he declares he will devote his best efforts to upholding the Charter under which he derives his authority.

We read daily news items with reference to present conditions under this law. These news items are generally followed by ambitious editorials pointing out the futility of prohibition and the unwisdom of the whole program. But you search these editorials in vain to find one word about what would be the wiser and better course to pursue.

If these opponents of the 18th Amendment are in favor of the old licensed saloon, they do not say so. If they are in favor of the government manufacturing and selling liquor, setting up drinking parlors for one hundred and twenty million people, they studiously refrain from saying so. They have no program. They have no remedy to offer. They are engaged solely in an attack upon the law as it stands.

I do not want to be understood as objecting to the publication or the full presentation of the facts touching the real conditions under the 18th Amendment. Nothing can be gained by concealing the facts. The question is: what use are we to make of the facts?

Are they to be used to break down the law and stop there? Are they to be used in support of another program? If so, what is the program? Are they in justification of the old days or in support of government ownership?

The old saloon was a lawless, demoralizing, law-defying influence undermining the very foundations of society. When Theodore Roosevelt was Police Commissioner of New York he declared that "the officers of the law and the saloonkeepers become inextricably tangled in crime. The most powerful saloonkeepers control the politicians and the police, while the latter in turn terrorize and blackmail all the other saloonkeepers."

If, instead of the saloon system, you consider government ownership and control, we meet with the same ruthless disregard of the law. Let us quote briefly from certain official reports, newspaper reports, and statements of public officials.

The Montreal Gazette, in a March issue, speaking of blind pigs, said: "The police and the courts are unable to cope with the situation. . . The court-house corridors are crowded, the accused have to wait months for trial. . ." Other lines of interest: "Drunkenness among women increased 53 percent." "Our greatest problem is moonshine in country districts." "Bootlegging increased 111 percent in the first year." "As much liquor is sold by the bootleggers as is sold in government stores." "Gunmen, thugs, and all the parasites which thrive

on the miasma of the underworld are fostered by the policy now in force . . ."

Similar statements might be quoted ad infinitum. There is not an element of disorder, not a form of vice, not an incentive to crime, not a crime charged under prohibition that is not duplicated in any country and under any system designed to control the liquor traffic.

The conditions related by the press so far as our country is concerned mean this to me: No matter what your law is, there will be violation of it. Secondly: these conditions present the same century-old question in a little different form: Are the liquor interests more powerful than the expressed will of the people? Can this interest, through mere defiance of the law and through the advertising of how bad conditions are, discourage the people and bring about nullification?

Certainly there is going to be a test of strength between those who would uphold the law or repeal it in an orderly way and those who would break it down and trample it under foot. In the end law and order will prevail. About that I entertain no doubt. The contest may be long and costly. But the principle of government involved is worth all it will cost.

Not in a spirit of challenge, but that the issue may be defined, I ask those who are opposed to the present program, those who are unwilling to support the President in his effort to enforce the law: What is your program?

Long before the 18th Amendment was adopted, now Chief Justice Taft said: "I grieve for my country to say that the administration of the criminal law in all states of the Union — there may be one or two exceptions — is a disgrace to our civilization."

Long before the adoption of the 18th Amendment, there were 12 murders in the city of New York to one in London. There were 20 robberies in Chicago for one robbery in all England and Wales combined.

The problem we have to wrestle with is not the wet and dry problem alone. That is only an incident accentuating the real problem. The real problem is: What effect shall we as a people, as a nation, give to a law because it is the law? This problem the President has assigned himself the task of solving.

Where Boys Were Bad

Condensed from The Review of Reviews (June, '29)

A. P. Pilides

THERE is a new industry in Detroit, and one that promises to add more to the well-being of the city than any other single industry promoted there. It is a real factory enterprise that takes the raw material — in its rawest form — known as Boy, and works it over into a first-class brand of the article known as Citizen.

For years the problem of delinquency of boys in Detroit has had the consideration of men and women who could only deplore the flood of shortcomings that brought an ever-increasing tide of the city's youth to the juvenile court. According to court records, of all the boys in Detroit from 17 to 19 years of age inclusive, one out of every eight was arrested in 1925. Detroit led all large cities in juvenile delinquency.

When these conditions were brought to the attention of Detroit citizens, about 50 of them volunteered to organize the Boys' Club of Detroit. The club is housed in a four-story building once used as a cigar factory. Showers and lockers were installed in the basement, and the upper floors were converted into administration offices, auditorium, medical and dental clinics, recreation and class rooms.

Word was sent out in November, 1926, that the building was ready. The officers of the board hoped that at least 100 boys would respond and make a beginning. But on the appointed night an army of boys answered the invitation. Work was begun with a selected — first come, first served — lot of boys, 300 in number. As soon as their activities could be organized and supervised, another 300 were admitted to membership. Within six months the enrolment had increased to more than 2000, and at present — in its third year — it is close to 4000.

On winter nights the clubhouse is alive with boys from top to bottom. Among them are many who have been the terrors of the neighborhood. It is a "two-bit" paradise, for 25 cents is the cost of annual membership; but it provides more fun than some people can buy with a million.

Every kind of game dear to boys is organized and supervised — from marbles to roller-skating, hockey, and pool. They are taught radio building, mechanical drawing, carpentry, toy-making,

printing, electrical experiments, automobile mechanics ("Tin Lizzie" is being constantly torn down, and rebuilt), motion pictures, airplane and speedboat modeling — all fun is worked and all work is fun in this club. In the printing department, the boys edit their own paper, the "Boys' Club News."

Boys first come to the club with bad teeth, poor health, dirty bodies, and with the street-wise mentality of the take-but-don't-give brand. But after a period of milling in this boy-factory they go out with improved health, good teeth, clean bodies kept clean by the new habits formed, and with a fairly complete extraction of the old notion that an unfair attitude toward people and property will get them anywhere worth going to. These are the boys who formerly spent their time on the streets because there was no other place to go for recreation, thinking up some amusing — or profitable — deviltry.

Since the club started there have been repeated cases of parents startled at the sight of their boys bringing home a radio outfit, a bird-house or a churn, fearing a recurrence of the old bad habit of theft. Their misgivings were dispelled by the proud smile of the boy who was maker, and not purloiner, of the article brought home.

Many crippled children are made happy by toys made by these boys, who delight to take them to crippled friends in whom they have a personal interest. All sorts of hidden talents are uncovered, also, by opportunity. Some of the toughest ex-terrors of the neighborhood have taken seriously to music, in many cases evincing surprising talent.

An understanding of boy psychology has been a factor in the success of the club. At one time articles were disappearing with distressing regularity from one of the coatrooms. Suspicion centered on one boy who had a reputation for "lifting" things. He was promoted to chairmanship of an Anti-Theft Committee — and there were no more complaints of stolen goods. "Jim" used to be a gang leader. His profane vocabulary was picturesque and complete. When asked to take the chairmanship of the Anti-Swearing Committee he was flattered, and said: "Hell, yes! I'll make those blankety-blank bozos cut out their swearing." And he did — along with marked improvement in the leader himself.

The medical clinic attempts to solve the relationship between physical defects and anti-social conduct. A few illustrations may make this matter clear. A boy who is three years behind his grade in school was found to have a serious visual defect. A call upon his parents produced the

information that he was lazy in his studies and that they were trying to improve his habits by whipping him. When the nurse explained that the boy could not see well, they insisted that his eyes had never been sore and were therefore all right. It required a demonstration at the medical clinic to prove to the parents that this child really did have a visual defect. It can be readily seen that if the parents had pursued their method of inducing the lad to learn he would soon have left home, played truant, and become anti-social. There have been many more illustrations of easily correctable defects which might have made a boy unpopular, shy, and anti-social, causing him to take the first step toward more serious conduct.

The Boys' Club is a belated recognition of the social needs of the boy in our city, accorded him by fellow-citizens who are repaid by better service to the community on the part of the boy.

What, by way of summary, are the tangible results?

There is a marked decrease in delinquency cases from this neighborhood. No boy who has come regularly under the influence of the club since its inception has been brought before the juvenile court. One of the largest industrial concerns in the city has offered to take our boys as fast as they can be prepared by habits of honesty and concentration on tasks assigned.

Boys of many races and creeds work and play together in the Boys' Club, where there is no suggestion of religious training outside of urging each boy to attend his own church, with the result that tolerance, friendship, democracy are the atmosphere of the club.

But let us listen to an extract from an essay on "What the Boys' Club Means to Me," written by one of the boys:

"I like the Boys' Club because it keeps me from doing any evil around the neighborhood and sinning by stealing and swearing. I am a boy with clean, strong teeth, repaired by the dental clinic dentist, and I am clean on account of taking a bath in the shower room twice or thrice a week, and full of pep by attending for practice on boxing work. I am in the eighth grade because the library helps me. I am also unaware of causing my mother trouble when she knows that no harm shall befall me if I am at this club."

As Kate Douglas Wiggin put it: "To cure is the voice of the past. To prevent is the divine whisper of today."

The Black Legend

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly (May, '29)

Ivy Lee

IT is an odd fact that the three countries in which the United States is most popular today are those — Germany, Russia, and Japan — which have the least ground, by reason of our recent acts in relation toward them, to like us. Yet the Germans are grateful to us for the help we gave them in their reconstruction. The Russians turn to us eagerly for technical and financial coöperation and do not feel that our national interests conflict with theirs. The Japanese, despite the slur cast by our immigration law, have not forgotten the tangible proofs of our genuine desire to help them — the money and help sent to them in the disaster of 1923.

Even in France there is little aversion to us on any deep, metaphysical, or even imperialistic grounds. The French do not consider their culture imperiled by the "American menace." If the United States should wipe out the debt, France would become almost vociferously friendly.

It is in England that the distrust of America goes deepest. As Mr. Andrew Soutar, the novelist, testified recently: "Never since the Boston Tea Party have the two peoples watched so closely for an opening through which to pour ridicule." "Granted," says Mr. G. K. Chesterton, "that the American has many noble and charming qualities . . . affairs have come, I think, to the point of defending our native land and damning all Americans to hell." Mr. Ramsay MacDonald admits that Great Britain is "getting out at the elbows" with us. Lord Riddell tells his countrymen that America's imperialistic, naval, military, and commercial policy is "fraught with menace to the rest of the world."

America is blamed in Britain for the failure of the British scheme to keep up world prices of rubber; she is blamed for buying Soviet oil and for trading with the Bolsheviki in other ways; she is said to be attempting to supplant British trade in South America; upon her is put the responsibility for a preference for certain American manufactures in the British Dominions. America is seen as a menace to British traditions, British culture, British trade, British respect for law, British standards of sportsmanship and morality, the British countryside, and the British Com-

monwealth of Nations. The complications and misunderstandings over "naval parity" have likewise given rise to bitterness and jingoism in both countries.

Yet, despite all this, nowhere has America truer and more discriminating friends among thinking and responsible people than in Britain. Nowhere, too, is the demand for understanding and constructive criticism more dependable than it is in Britain. Sentimentality is now at a discount, and intelligent publicists are demanding that concrete issues be faced in the light of clear facts. This realistic attitude makes possible the sane and balanced recognition of divergencies which both sides must respect.

There may be a ray of light in a recent article in the *Round Table*, which said: ". . . The nations of the British Commonwealth should make a much more serious attempt to understand the problems and difficulties of the United States. They have, no doubt, much ground for resentment against her since 1919. But resentment is a poor guide in the matter of policy. We must understand that the United States has a form of government totally unlike the systems usual elsewhere. Our diplomacy must understand and accommodate itself intelligently to the constitution and political necessities of the United States."

"We often fail to appreciate the American point of view," Sir Rennell Rodd, the distinguished British diplomatist, has said: ". . . imperialism is a state of mind which the majority of the American people cannot understand anyone accusing them of entertaining. After talking to men of all grades and classes there, my own experience has led me to the conclusion that the average American is generally a very fair-minded man, inclined to think things out for himself with a direct and simple mentality which on matters outside his own country is indifferently informed. But if facts are put before him straightly he sees straightly, and is pretty sure to arrive at a just conclusion."

The need for this truer interpretation has also been emphasized by ex-President Coolidge: "It is always plain that Europe and the United States are lacking in mutual understanding. We are prone to think they can do as we do. We have not suffered from centuries of violent hostilities. On the other hand, they appear to think that we are going to do exactly what they would do if they had our chance. If they would judge us a little more closely by our record, and, especially, find out in what directions we believe our real interests lie, much which they now find obscure would be quite apparent."

Mr. Baldwin, also recognizing this misunderstanding, pleads for more frequent personal contact. In Europe all the statesmen have got into the habit of meeting at Geneva and talking together. They learn not only each other's point of view, but each other's idiosyncrasies as individuals. But European statesmen do not know American statesmen.

Nothing, incidentally, has so impressed the British with the good will of America as the sincere sympathy manifested by the American people over the illness of King George.

Yet, to dispel the Black Legend, it is not enough to trust to a little more understanding or to more personal contacts. Among the happy agencies for sharpening intelligence and encouraging a longer view seems to be that group of associations, such as the Royal Institute of International Affairs in Great Britain, and the Foreign Policy Association and the Council of Foreign Relations in the United States, which devote themselves to a sympathetic study of world affairs. Such bodies perform valuable work of interpretation. Similarly, the new International Chamber of Commerce serves to smooth out differences before they become acute, and has immense possibilities for good. Still, something more direct and authoritative is needed to interpret America and to dispel the black cloud.

In the next three years this work of interpretation can be done only by conscious acts of statesmanship conceived in a new spirit and, in turn, engendering a new spirit. It will have for its basis the good will which exists in the hearts of the American people. It will be conscious of our greater power, our widened interests, and our profound responsibilities. It will speak for us not only as a nation, but as a partner in the family of nations.

It is of less importance for America to know of the Black Legend which Europe is conceiving, than to consider the other side of the matter — what America's attitude is toward the world. Shall we so fear entanglement with other nations that we shall in turn be slaves to events which we would not help to shape? What do we propose to do when complications grow out of our economic penetration in various parts of the world? Shall we attempt to act singly and selfishly? Or shall we join in advance in responsible and coöperative efforts so to shape events that independent or selfishly protective action by any nation will be unnecessary?

[*Note: The first part of Mr. Ivy Lee's article was condensed in the June issue of The Reader's Digest.*]

Gandhi

Condensed from The Living Age (June, '29)

Upton Close

MOHANDAS KARAMCHAND GANDHI was born in 1869, the son of the prime minister of the native Indian state of Porbador. His mother illustrated her deeply religious character by giving him the name "Mohandas," — "Servitor of the Great One." The extreme religious self-abasement instilled in him by his mother gave him an inferiority complex as a child. The reaction from it was painful, but eventually complete. The lad who dared not speak to anybody became the most fearless orator of India. The boy who was deathly afraid lest someone should poke fun at him grew up to flout all accepted theories and manners of life, to dress in a loin cloth alone, and to face punishment as a felon, for the sake of his convictions.

Between his 12th and 13th birthdays, he was married to Kasturbai, an attractive, lively, self-willed girl of the same age. Eager that she should enjoy the same mental riches that came to him, he returned from school each day and painstakingly endeavored to tutor her in what he had learned.

At 18 he passed his examinations for the university and was urged by an old Brahman who befriended his family to finish his education in London. So in 1887 he found a lonely lodging there, and spent his days in homesickness and his nights in tears.

In 1891 Gandhi passed his examinations for the bar, and two days later embarked for his own country. He began to practice in Bombay, and his conscientiousness gained him respect, even from his enemies. It was his rule to abandon a case, sometimes abruptly in open court, if convinced that his client had falsely represented it to him. It was not long before he had achieved a reputation. A Hindu firm with interests in South Africa offered him a one-year contract to conduct a case in Pretoria. Gandhi went with high hope, little realizing what lay before him. To his surprise, the inoffensive Indian found himself refused admission to hotels, thrown out of trains on which he had paid his fare, insulted on the street, beaten and kicked. Only the Christian missionaries in that land seemed friendly. That year he read some 80 books on Christianity.

In the ensuing years the young barrister gradually became the champion of his people in South

Africa, teaching them the strange doctrine that freedom must come from spirituality, not war. In 1904, his 11th African year, he founded his first retreat — an agricultural colony 14 miles from Durban. To it he devoted all his wealth, claiming nothing for himself but two loin cloths. He was bidding farewell to the pride of life. No more would he be known as the dapper, clever lawyer or statesman. His people were soon to call him the Great Soul, the Mahatma.

Not till the fateful midyear of 1914 did the Mahatma, his hair now sprinkled by white, his body thin as a mummy's from his ascetic life, feel that he could leave Africa in response to the tremendous demand which his work for the expatriates had created for him in India. Bred by the War, forces of insurrection had been piling up in India. Terrorism had almost made an end of orderly government in Bengal. Gandhi quieted the situation in a speaking tour that occupied him for an entire year, and the British government rewarded his influence for peace and loyalty with the *Kaisar-i-Hind* medal.

Gandhi accepted the view that the Allies were fighting for justice. He had such a desire to "play fair" with the British that he even advocated enlistment, up to the very end. For this deviation from the principle of nonviolence, "I was severely punished," he later admitted, referring to trouble caused in India by the War. After the Armistice, young Indians were impatient for the reforms promised by the British.

Gandhi waited upon British justice until the anger of his people could be restrained no longer. The time had come when he must direct action or cravenly withdraw and let the violence burst. He who had always been loyal to the British raj now assumed the headship of implacable opposition to it in a ringing challenge to the Viceroy. Hundreds of noted Indians followed his example. Sir Rabindranath Tagore returned his knighthood. Gandhi proclaimed a *hartal*, or strike, to inaugurate a definite noncoöperation campaign. Noncoöperation included repudiation of titles of honor, resignation of office, nonsubscription of government loans, substitution of private arbitration for official law courts, boycott of the schools, and peaceful agitation for *Swaraj*.

The further step which Gandhi called "mass civil disobedience," and which would involve refusal to pay taxes, with mass violation of all orders not involving moral principle, was to be taken as soon as the people had been disciplined. Realizing the implications of nationalism, Gandhi instituted a cult of the spinning wheel and the wearing of homespun cloth. This had both prac-

tical and symbolic value. India was raising cotton, selling it cheaply to England to be made up, and buying back the machine-made product. Gandhi saw in a combination of home industry with agriculture the only hope for the economic rehabilitation of the country. He believed that industrial work is necessary to the soul's health. Moreover, a universal interest in spinning would help to break down the caste barriers which he opposed.

Under such conditions, the British put into effect the new Montagu-Chelmsford constitutional experiment, popularly called the "diarchy," under which elected officials were to direct education, sanitation etc., while the British kept control of finance justice, and military affairs. "Noncoöperation," of course, ignored the system entirely.

In May, 1921, 12,000 coolies struck in the tea gardens of Assam. Riots ensued, with a railroad strike in Bengal and a bloody outbreak of the fanatical Moplahs in Malabar. Gandhi's word could have thrown the entire nation into active revolution.

"The British want us to put the struggle on the plane of machine guns," he said. "They have these weapons and we have not. Our only assurance of beating them is to keep it on the plane where we have the weapons and they have not."

So Gandhi issued his "declaration of war" to the Viceroy on that plane. The date of his open letter was February 8th, 1922. It gave Lord Reading seven days to change the government's policy.

The letter had scarcely been delivered when an outrage took place in the district of Gorakhpur, which allowed the British to throw the stigma of "atrocity" back upon the Indians. Twenty-seven police who interfered with a nationalist procession were chased into their barracks and burned to death there. Immediately, Gandhi retracted his ultimatum to the Viceroy and stopped the campaign.

"I know that the drastic reversal of practically the whole of the aggressive campaign may be politically unwise," he said, "but there is no doubt that it is religiously sound. The country will have gained by my humiliation and confession of error." Many patriots suffered intense disappointment.

Gandhi had been constantly threatened with arrest since 1920, and the advocate general of Bombay now proceeded against him. When he entered the courtroom of District Judge Broomfield of Ahmadabad, on March 18th, 1922, the entire court stood as a mark of respect. He confessed considerably more than he was accused of. The judge asked Gandhi to name his own punish-

ment, suggesting that his forerunner, Tilak's, sentence had been six years. Gandhi expressed delight that he might suffer the same penalty.

Gandhi's program of self-improvement, with which he proposed to occupy his sentence, was interrupted by a dangerous illness. The doctors said he would die if compelled to remain in the prison. Consternation spread throughout the country. Dark threats were heard among the lower classes. There was no need to set India afire again by permitting the death in a British jail of its human god. On the recommendation of the judge who had sentenced him, Gandhi was released on February 5th, 1924.

Gandhi has long been gathering strength for the present year, which he regards as crucial. In 1929 the ten-year trial arrangement of the diarchy ends. The English Parliament will have to consider its workings and draft a system to succeed it. The civil service, backed by the Conservative Government in power in England, demands an end of compromising with native truculence — a return to the dignity of unquestioned British dominance. India demands the establishment of a régime which would grant the dignity of complete independence. Meantime, Gandhi placidly pursues the path he long ago chose for himself. He has never forgotten that his prime purpose is cultural. His four greatest books are parts of a definite mass educational campaign. Like all great religionists, his outlook is more than national. India is to preserve the way of life which must be adopted by the "modern" world when its prosperity shall have crashed and its "progress" shall have led into a cul-de-sac. Then, he believes, India, if she has been true to her own soul, will automatically assume leadership of the world.

In Gandhi's tilt against the machine he will certainly lose. Even now the great factory chimneys of Ahmadabad overshadow the thatched roofs of his *Asbram*. But possibly his protest will teach the people that the machine is made for man and not man for the machine.

There are disturbing narrownesses in Gandhi. He has gone so far as to say, "We have nothing to learn from the foreigner. The traditional old implements, the plough and the spinning wheel, are our wisdom and welfare."

India was floundering in the morass of her own traditions when Gandhi came. Out of these he has organized a coherent doctrine and a forward movement, definite, vigorous, inspired by his own life of sacrifice. As a saint he has reached and taught the masses of India as no politician could ever have done.

Is There a Career in Music?

Condensed from The World's Work (June, '29)

John Erskine

YOUNG musicians who are asking today if there is any career for them in the United States would do well to contrast such careers as those of Franz Liszt and Richard Wagner with that of Johann Sebastian Bach. Liszt and Wagner were the virtuoso type of artist, achieving success by a sort of tour de force made possible by their astounding personalities and unique musical gifts. Bach, on the other hand, was a craftsman. That first of all, and afterward a supreme artist. He was a craftsman in the sense that he expected to supply music to society wherever music was wanted. If a violinist was needed in a court orchestra he played the violin. For most of his life he was what our young music students would hate themselves for being: a church organist and choirmaster. He made his living by playing and by teaching. His superb compositions he furnished gratis for the pleasure of his family or for the glory of God. In other words, he earned his living as a craftsman, but his creative genius was without price. In the history of art, in all its branches, no saner career has yet been found. It can be followed by anyone in the United States today who has competent training and who is willing to be, not a virtuoso but a craftsman.

In the happiest period of Greek sculpture, in the 13th century, and at other times when the artist has enjoyed a sane relation to society the craftsman's ideal has prevailed. The sculptor carved the stone where carving was needed, the musician played or sang where he was wanted. It rested with him, however, whether he should remain a simple workman or whether he should perform his task with that addition of joy and personality which is genius.

In literature Shakespeare is perhaps the last and greatest illustration of this type. He followed the craftsman's career as actor and as mender of old plays, perhaps also as dramatist furnishing new material for his company. Apparently he supported himself on his salary as actor. But for whatever makes Lear or Macbeth immortal, he received no salary whatever.

The musician today, in America as elsewhere, has been hypnotized by the virtuoso ideal, and confounds it with the higher stand-

ards of art. A talented student of the violin rushes away to the city and much prefers to compete hopelessly with Kreisler and Heifitz than to be the best musician in his home state. Or, if he has a voice, nothing will satisfy him but a career in opera. He sees in himself another Caruso. In our large cities, as a result, where the virtuoso struggles for a chance to appear, there seem to be at times almost as many performers as there are persons in a possible audience. Yet in the country at large there is a music hunger for the most part unsatisfied.

If we returned to the craftsman ideal this talent and more could all be used. Let the young student who goes to the large city to complete his musical education return to justify the confidence of his neighbors. Since he will wish to play or sing for them he will do so, if he is sensible, on those occasions when they wish to listen to him. Perhaps he would prefer to give a rigid program in a large hall, beginning with Bach and ending with a Hungarian rhapsody. But if his neighbors prefer to listen to their music at a church sociable, then he is something of a fool if he lets what he calls his professional ideals prevent him from making the church sociable of some musical importance. He can earn his living by teaching. Among virtuosos, for some reason, teaching has a bad name. Yet in any art there are enormous spiritual compensations as well as an income to be had from teaching of the finer sort. The musician can improve his technique as he imparts instruction to his pupils. He need listen to no bad music, since he knows better than to give bad music to beginners. He may, if he will, enjoy the satisfaction of building up a tradition in his community. He can have time for his own practicing, even for composing — that is, if he is willing to work as systematically and as steadily as Bach or César Franck. If it should be complained that after a hard day's work one would have little energy for composition, we would still hesitate to say that the result would be unfortunate. Those only would compose whose inspiration could not be kept down.

The demand for the church organist is universal, and the quality of the supply is none too high. Here is a modest but genuine opportunity to make a contact with the musical element of a town and to develop it into larger things. The opportunity enjoyed by the new teachers of music in the public schools is even greater. During school age the musical interest of the American population is extraordinarily high. It will be our business during the next half century to readjust our educational system so as not to

stamp out, as we now do, the childhood interest in the arts.

For the composer, too, who will work as a craftsman, the field is open. He could use a little time each week writing for those occasions in our modern life in which music is demanded. The Little Theater movement in this country has been practically dissociated from music, not because the audiences which have supported the Little Theater do not care for this other art but because no operas or musical comedies exist on a scale which the small theater can handle.

It is customary, of course, to turn up one's nose a little at the music of the Broadway shows. To many self-important virtuosos it is inconceivable that one's artistic ideal may be to lift the current musical entertainment nearer to the level of a great art. If in any respect popular music falls short of what it might be, the responsibility rests entirely with the talented composers who decline to study what is here needed and to supply that need. To look disdainfully on the taste of the average man in art has always been a dangerous form of snobbery. Had Chopin despised the popular dances of the romantic period we should not now have his waltzes and his mazurkas. To write mazurkas today, however, is an anachronism. The comparable task for modern composers is to compose fox trots and tangos which musically will be important.

Two desirable additions to our musical opportunities suggest themselves. Just because the concert touring of famous artists is going out of fashion, there is the more reason why young and competent performers should make appearances throughout the country and carry good music to places where it has not yet been heard. If the influential Federation of Women's Clubs should take on to their programs each year a number of promising musicians, they would enrich their own entertainment and greatly advance the cause of good music.

Another great advance would be made if each state established a small opera house, to be paid for out of taxes, where the best orchestral players in the state should find employment and the singers and composers their careers. Tickets to performances, as in Europe, should be so cheap that the entire community could enjoy them.

If the young student can only envisage his career less as a spectacular triumph than as a lifelong labor in the interests of one of the most sociable of the arts, we shall soon have an immense demand for music. When music is defined as the social need of us all, the too-often criticized public will show a prodigal hospitality to the art.

What It Means to Marry a Catholic

Condensed from The Forum (June, '29)

By One Who Did

IF the Catholic rule forbidding the marriage of a Catholic with a non-Catholic could be enforced, many tragedies would be averted. But every year thousands of Catholics apply for and receive a dispensation from the law and enter into the marriage contract with those whose conception of marriage is totally different from theirs.

Before my marriage to a Catholic I noted the beautiful features of Catholic worship, and sincerely believed that I had "become" a Catholic. But now, after years of earnest attempt, I realize the difficulty of accepting religion entirely on authority.

In the first place, the Catholic conception of marriage is that one marries primarily to beget children. The happiness of husband and wife may follow as a hoped-for result, but this is secondary to having children — many children. This theory I did not dispute before marraige. I loved children and wanted many.

But the physical and financial strain of family life cannot be correctly estimated until one has mothered a child or two. Under certain conditions, a large family becomes impossible. Then the Romanist command looms up. "No sin is worse than birth control!" The fact that many Catholics do practice birth control does not alter the grave situation. Among my acquaintances there are many, I am convinced, whose lives are continuously perturbed by the thought that they are "living in mortal sin." Satisfying family life is hard to attain under these conditions.

Since a genuine Catholic marriage is primarily for procreation, it is well to understand what is implied by the pledge required of non-Catholics to bring up their children in the orthodox faith. Most persons who sign this pledge probably foresee in it nothing more than sending their children to Mass and seeing that they abstain from meat on Fridays and fast days. But in nine cases out of ten it means sending the children to a parochial school.

The profound sincerity of the Catholic clergy in believing "Catholic education" to be the ultimate redemption of the world is, I think, not fully realized. It is because every Catholic leader believes so thoroughly that salvation is only possible through the Roman Catholic Church that

such zealous efforts are made to draw every child of Catholic parents into the school. This applies particularly to the children of mixed marriages. Catholic zealots feel that a child whose misfortune it is to live under the influence of a non-Catholic father or mother must be watched and kept within the fold. To go against what the Catholic group considers right brings the severest criticism and ostracism. There may even be a threat of refusal of absolution after confession. That is the most terrific blow that can be dealt anyone who accepts the Pope as "Christ's Vicar on earth" and the priest as his "representative."

The non-Catholic parent, therefore, must yield if there is to be anything like peace in the family. I had made up my mind not to send my four children to a parochial school, but when the situation actually confronted me, it was impossible to hold to my determination. My principal reason for not wanting to send my children to a church school was that I did not want class consciousness forced upon them. I dislike to have my children's relationships limited to any *one* class of people. I should not favor sending them to a fashionable private school, for the same reason.

It had always been my hope that my sons and daughters would be friendly with all classes — with rich and poor, with Jews, gentiles, and atheists. Instead, I now listen to arguments about the superiority of Catholic schools over all others and to stories of street squabbles between parochial and public school children. Not that the Sisters and Brothers mean to encourage unfriendliness. But their constant remarks on Catholic preëminence cannot but have their effect on impressionable children. I had hoped to "condition" in my family a spirit of friendliness toward all classes of people. Instead my children are being led, through no fault of their own, into intolerance of all whose beliefs are not identical with theirs.

That the economic burden imposed by the parochial school is greater than the Catholic population can safely carry, I have also learned by observation and bitter experience. To contribute according to one's means to the support of the pastors is one of the six chief commandments of the Church, a violation of which constitutes a "mortal sin" — enough to deprive one of all hope of heaven. The parochial school is one of the legitimate expenses of the pastor; and the interpretation of "according to one's means" shows a lack of proportion on the part of the clergy. In most parishes it is a practice to publish at regular intervals the exact

amount each member of the congregation has given to the support of church and school. Disgrace befalls a person whose name appears on the monthly list with a contribution considered too small.

In our own case, though our income is far above that of the average Catholic family, the monthly payment toward our parish school always comes first with my husband — as it does with thousands of others — and as a result we have little left for anything beyond bare necessities. I plod along at dishwashing, cooking, cleaning, and mending, and by evening am too tired and perturbed to sit down and read with my children, or to play games with them in the home which I had always meant to make for them the most attractive place on earth.

These sacrifices, heavy as they are, I would cheerfully make if I could believe that my children were getting a sound education. But my opinion — based on observation in many parts of the country — is that the methods of teaching in the average Catholic school are inferior to those used in the average public school.

Our public schools, with all their defects, have made progress in the past decade or two. The very essence of the new pedagogy is that a child should be induced to think independently and to act in real situations. Observation, thought, and appropriate action are more to be desired than mere accumulated facts.

This attitude of independent thought is incompatible with parochial school methods. They do not even try to achieve it. For example, history as taught in Catholic schools seems to be an effort to impress children with the glorious part Catholics have played in world achievements. Moreover, children must spend precious hours droning answers to the catechism which they cannot comprehend. My nine-year-old daughter came home weeping because she had been required to kneel on the floor for half an hour in punishment for not knowing the answer to "How may the first commandment be broken?" Realizing her distress, I helped her learn the answer. It is: "The first commandment may be broken by giving to a creature the honor which belongs to God alone; by false worship; and by attributing to a creature perfection which belongs to God alone."

This is something of what it means to carry out one's pledge to bring up a child in the Roman faith. It is not easy to meet the obligations involved in marrying a husband or wife who adheres to that religion of another age.

Australia's Idealism in Legislation

Condensed from The Century Magazine (May, '29)

Annie Osborn

AUSTRALIA without doubt leads the world in legislation for social amelioration. We Australians are ideally circumstanced to make experiments along these lines because, to begin with, we are 95 percent pure British stock, and of our six million inhabitants at least five millions are of a remarkably high grade of intelligence. Also we have not the abysmal differences between classes that older lands have, nor have we any real poverty — poverty in the mass.

Under the leadership of the dominant Labor party we have watched the introduction of a series of experiments having for their object the abolition of poverty and the raising of the standard of living, so that every man, woman and child shall have not only the right to live, but the means to enjoy life — two widely different things.

With each separate attempt to banish poverty and suffering, we have had fresh pensions issued, until now it is commonly said that we are pensioned from the cradle to the grave, and an astoundingly large portion of our people are in receipt of regular unearned incomes from the Government. We have (all good in themselves but in abuse, a national problem) the Maternity Bonus; State aid for neglected children, orphans, or children of deserted wives; invalid pensions and old-age pensions; besides, of course, the pensions for children, mothers, widows and other relatives of deceased or incapacitated veterans of the World War.

All sections of the community were of one mind as to old-age pensions, especially as so many of those in need were actual pioneers who had made the new country habitable for their descendants. Contributory pensions were manifestly impossible as an immediate aid in this case, and a blunder was made which longer vision would have avoided. If the system had arranged that the middle-aged and the young should pay a small amount weekly toward an old age of security, the self-respect of all recipients would have been conserved, and an ugly blot on our social life avoided. As it is, every man over 65 and every woman over 60 who can show that he or she has not more than a certain fixed amount of money or property can claim

a weekly pension of five dollars.

The deceit that is practised to enable people to get this dole is serious because of the way it saps the moral fiber of those concerned. Children repudiate all filial duty toward their parents, even if they are in a position to support them; in other instances, property is made over to children and banking accounts are manipulated to deceive investigators, and able-bodied men over 65 refuse to do a day's work for fear of jeopardizing their income from the State. Savings are dissipated by those who fear they may be so unfortunate as to have just enough to be disqualified.

Every man and woman in the bread-and-butter line of life knows how severe a financial strain is the advent of a baby. In Australia the new mother is presented with a Government bonus of 25 dollars to help her secure adequate attention when she needs it. Obviously, not all mothers need such financial help, but to avoid the taint of "charity" it was decided that the gift should be made to every mother who claimed it. Hard-pushed mothers can now enter public hospitals contentedly, knowing that the hospital will take one half the bonus as payment in full and return the other half gladly. But matrons of these hospitals have sorry tales to tell of miserable men loitering around the offices awaiting the discharge of their wives in order to get the refunded cash — the wherewithal for a carousal

Doctors and hospital authorities have been anxiously trying to educate the people into realizing that if the money spent annually in this bonus were utilized for the erection and upkeep of maternity hospitals, Australia could lead the world in obstetrical science; but the working classes will hear none of this talk, which would take the money out of their pockets.

Another scheme ideal in theory is that of State aid for orphans or neglected children — whether that "neglect" is actual or merely technical. All the indigent widows have to do is to make application for their children to become wards of the State, to have them "boarded out" to their own mothers; and then they receive a regular income from each child — up to four of them, as a rule. Deserted wives, wives of criminals or drunkards or other ne'er-do-wells can also make such application. With the regular courts where unmarried mothers can hand over unwanted infants to the State, it might be thought that idealism in State aid could not go much further. But while, as in other phases of this type of relief, untold good is done to worthy claimants, the results are not always commendable.

Collusion between miserable husbands and wives is all too common. Men vanish, and their wives take out warrants for their arrest. But since the wives must pay the costs of arrest and return, tracking such husbands is usually given up as hopeless. Then the women appeal to have their children boarded out to them as State wards, and a regular income is assured.

Then we have the invalid pension. Everybody knows what a strain on straitened financial resources a chronic invalid can be, and no one grudges State aid to enable such an afflicted person to be made comfortable. But again there are schemers who capitalize a sick child's illness and sometimes prevent it receiving skilled aid that might make it well again. I saw a hideous example of the frustration of good intent one day when exploring to find out just what this pension meant. Strapped to a baby's chair on a back veranda, with scarcely any other clothing than a coarse tweed overcoat, was an imbecile that lacked almost any semblance to humanity. It was the eldest child of a family of eight, and should long ago have been sent to an asylum; but — it was worth almost three dollars a week from the invalid pensions board, and so the other seven children had to grow up side by side with this poor, ill-begotten thing. There was no legal machinery whereby the parents could be compelled to turn the creature over to the care of specialists. Between such a horror and the other extreme — urgent, deserving need — there are all too many cases where invalidism is capitalized or an initial illness is lengthened into sheer malingering.

The system of wholesale pensioning has been in force long enough now to show what its ultimate effects must be. It is inducing a nation-wide reliance on the Government for everything. Self-help in communities is becoming as rare as self-dependence in the individual. "Why should our community undertake this improvement?" is the cry. "Aren't we taxed enough to get a bit of our own back?" Thus public-spirit is being killed.

It seems to me that in our eager efforts to abolish poverty we are forgetting that poverty is not synonymous with destitution, and that it is neither wicked nor disgraceful. By attempting to make poverty a crime, to annihilate it by free doles from the Government's horn of plenty, we have tended to create a belief among weaklings that man can live by bread alone, and that, if he can get that bread without work he would be a fool indeed to make an honest effort toward permanent independence.

Modern Noah's Ark Fights Disease

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly (June, '29)

Henry Morton Robinson

DOCTOR Simon Flexner, director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research and its queer "zoo," led me into a veritable Noah's Ark of Science, located underneath the Institute. Here I saw the queerest and liveliest collection of animals ever gathered for the purpose of combating human ills. And I began to understand the important rôle animals are playing in the life and death battle between science and disease.

Let me show you just how some of them are doing it:

Look at this trio of blooded mares! From their arteries, several pints of diphtheria antitoxin are obtained every month. The antitoxin is drawn off painlessly and never in such quantity as to weaken the animal. The mares are kept in model stables, and receive the finest food obtainable. In return they produce a serum which is virtually priceless in safeguarding the lives of little children. One horse yields enough serum in a year to immunize a thousand babies from diphtheria! In the last ten years the death rate from this disease has dropped from 16 in 1000 to 1.1!

Take this tier of imported ring-tailed monkeys. They are helping to provide knowledge of meningitis and sleeping sickness, two diseases that still baffle science. These diseases are artificially induced in the animals. Each ill monkey then is isolated, every symptom and reaction to drugs is carefully noted, and every attempt made to bring him back to health. If he dies, cross-sections of the diseased tissues are compared with normal tissues. Whatever progress has been made toward an understanding of meningitis has been chiefly due to these "Rockefeller ring-tails."

Here are six fat Poland China hogs, munching their provender as they go about the business of making the basic material of insulin, medical science's principal weapon in controlling diabetes.

"All we have to do is feed them," said Doctor Flexner, "and they'll probably produce enough insulin to aid 5000 suffering from diabetes."

I noticed a purring Maltese cat who was doing nothing in particular.

"What's her mission in life?" I asked.

"Oh that's Melissa," replied Doctor Flexner. "Melissa is a great help when we want to observe the action of anger, fear, and other emotions on the digestive tract. We feed Melissa fish, then peer into her stomach by means of the fluoroscope, and watch what happens when a dog growls at her, or a canary is placed just beyond her reach. She doesn't suspect that we're peering into her stomach because the fluoroscope is painless in its operation. We found that 'nervous indigestion,' so called, resulted from the failure of certain glands to function properly under exciting stimuli. When the stimuli were removed, the glands began to function at once. We have applied this knowledge to human digestive trouble."

Who would think that rabbits were valuable allies of science? Yet when the late Doctor Hideyo Noguchi was seeking a cure for yellow fever, he shot many a needleful of the fatal germs into furry rabbits. Dozens of them died, of course, but finally Doctor Noguchi worked out a positive cure. Now a rabbit can provide enough serum to immunize three men, and the plague of yellow fever has been driven from the western hemisphere within ten years.

And thus it goes with every animal in the zoo. A dozen chimpanzees shiver in their cages, trembling with paralysis, while Institute doctors struggle to solve the fatal mystery of that disease. Coiling cobras and rattlesnakes yield marvelous serums against the bites of their fanged brethren, who killed 5000 people last year.

Everything I saw convinced me that the animals in the zoo were making valuable contributions to the advance of medical knowledge. But I heard no groans or yelps.

"Do the Institute doctors ever operate on animals without first administering anesthesia?" I asked.

Doctor Flexner smiled. "We are not degenerates," he said, "and take no pleasure in torturing animals for the sport of it. The aim of the laboratory investigator is to secure the greatest amount of information with the least shock and suffering to the animal involved. Whenever possible, local anesthesia is employed so that there is no pain involved."

A few weeks ago the Institute doctors were obliged to shorten a cat's intestine, to discover how much of the intestine is necessary to maintain life. They took the same care of her as they would of a human being. The anesthetic was administered by the best "ether man" in New York — though I won't mention his name. Two nurses were present, and the cat received the equivalent of a

$500 operation. She gave up four inches of her intestine — and still lives to tell her kittens the story.

"Doctor," I asked, "what single animal has proved most valuable in scientific experiments?"

"The dog," he replied at once. "In the first place, a big dog is the nearest animal in size to a human being and his heart, lungs, arteries, and digestive organs are only a trifle smaller than a man's. We learned facts about correct human blood pressure by studying dogs. We learned what element was necessary to prevent rickets in children by putting a litter of puppies on an unbalanced diet. As a result there needn't be any more bow-legged children. Three little dogs helped wipe out *that* defect in human structure.

"Incidentally, when discoveries are made about human diseases, the knowledge also helps the dog — making him healthier and happier. There are certain diseases that affect both dogs and men. Tapeworm, rabies, jaundice, and hookworm are examples, and when cures are discovered they are applied also to dogs. Investigators are now working on influenza, which is related to distemper, and when the mystery is solved, there will be no more distemper in the dog world."

I asked Doctor Flexner to tell me about the greatest surgical experiment he had ever seen performed upon an animal.

He reflected, then replied, "Carrel's famous transplanting operation.

"As you know, Doctor Alexis Carrel is a Nobel Prize winner for his surgical discoveries which enabled doctors to cut gangrene right out of the picture in the World War. He had already grafted a leg of a dead fox terrier onto a living terrier, and was anxious to prove that the vital organs of human beings could be similarly grafted. He took two healthy fox terriers of the same age, anesthetized them fully, exchanged their hearts, and sewed each heart into its new place — nine minutes of *heart inaction*, during which time the dogs were kept alive by artificial respiration. Then the clamps were removed from the heart-valves, and the blood coursed once more through the new heart! Both animals lived to a ripe old age, and apparently never suffered any ill effects."

The greatest of our laboratory investigators realize that if laws are passed against animal experimentation, science will be completely paralyzed. In the words of Doctor Alexis Carrel to the New York Assembly:

"If laws are passed against vivisection, science may as well shut the doors of its laboratories, and let its instruments rust while disease runs wild."

Coolidge

Condensed from The American Magazine (June, '29)

Will Rogers

WHEN you want to get a line on a fellow, dont get it from the man himself; get it from someone who knows him. Now, I was in Mexico about a year and a half ago, and I traveled around on the train with Ambassador Morrow and President Calles for a couple of weeks. Mr. Morrow and me only had two topics of conversation, Coolidge and Calles. Now, we all consider that Morrow knows Coolidge better than anybody else (which dont mean anything), for Morrow would often remark, "I dont know him at all." But in sitting night after night arguing it out he naturally told me many things of Mr. Coolidge.

I am not going to try to tell 'em to you in a routine from the time they entered Amherst, but just sorter like Mr. Morrow told 'em to me. The most impressive one, of course, to me was what he told Morrow after being sworn in as President. Morrow went down to Washington to pay his respects and wish his old friend well.

"Well," says Mr. Morrow, "I got down there and visited him at his Hotel. I was in the room with him for a long time and he dident say a word. That wasent anything new. But finally he turned to me and said, 'Dwight, I am NOT going to try and be a GREAT President.'

"He has told me since that he just considered it a *chore*. You see, with every President the job has meant something; with Wilson it was his Dream, with Roosevelt it was a Lark, with Taft a Laugh, and with Harding a Nightmare. But with Coolidge it was just a Chore — a thing he was going to go about in the ordinary routine of work.

"Did I tell you about the time we were graduated from Amherst? Well, we had been pretty friendly during our course and one day I asked him, 'Calvin, where do you expect to set up law practice?' naturally figuring that he would try New York, or at least Boston. He said, 'I am going to stay here; I dont believe in going any further for anything than is necessary. And he did stay there, right there in Northampton and became President. A lot of the rest of the class started running around to big cities, and now you cant find 'em. He stuck right there where he come from and got elected to everything that has an election attached to it. He was

Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts and had one room at the old Adams House. He was elected Governor, and instead of taking a house, he just took another room (at a rate).

"I dont know about him running again for President, Will. You ask me if he has made any money from speculation. No, not a Cent. He aint the kind that would speculate, even if he wasent President. Of course, a President is supposed to have personal affairs the same as any of us, and what he does with his finances is none of our business. No doubt, he has some of his earnings invested in good, solid bonds, but nothing of a speculative value. You know, he just dont look on money that way.

"Now, you take the way he has been raised. His great-grandfather had a Farm, and skimped and saved, and after a lifetime of work left it unincumbered, and a nest egg of a couple of thousand dollars. Then his son took it, and worked and saved, and left Coolidge's father perhaps eight or ten thousand. Then he works hard, saves and adds to that, and leaves Coolidge perhaps twenty-five or thirty thousand in addition to the farm. Now, that was progressive success. Each one took what he had, added to it, and left more than he started with. Coolidge will add to it and leave his son John quite a nice little fortune. When he dies he will know that he has carried out his mission: Live, work hard, be a good Citizen, and add to your savings.

"Here is another thing, Will, you can bet on. You wont see him messing into the following administration. 'This Country got along long before they ever heard of me, and they will get along long after I am forgotten,' he said to me once. You see, he has never lost his sense of proportion. He dont think that he is any greater than he was when he went in.

"Did I ever tell you about what my instructions were from President Coolidge when I come down here as Ambassador to Mexico? Well, I couldent get anything out of him about just what I was to do, so finally I asked him right out. I was just about ready to go to the train. 'Dwight,' he said, 'dont jump on Mexico. Just keep Mexico from jumping on us.' Now, it would be pretty hard to write a 100-page Note to an Ambassador and give him sounder advice than that.

"Coolidge realizes better than anybody that when he come into the Presidency from the Vice Presidency, nothing was expected; he knows that he dident look like much when he arrived; he knows that even the Atheists, after looking him over, prayed for the salvation of the country. So he knows that anything he did

was a surprise, and he knows that he come into our public lives when we had just about all the Government laws and advice that we needed. He saw that the less he did the more satisfied we would be with him.

"Well, it takes a smart fellow to do nothing, especially when you would look bigger if you did do something. He knows that the next man who goes in cant get away with the same tactics. Every game and every Administration calls for different plans.

"Why, even his personality (or what lots of them called Lack of Personality) was in his favor. You take one of those Office Seekers going in to see Harding or Taft or Roosevelt or any of those congenial fellows, and they had to be friendly or the Office Seeker would come out sore. But Coolidge's reputation kept millions of pests away from him. That's why he has been able to physically stand the strain better."

There is a good story about last Inauguration Day when Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge were leaving for Northampton. It was raining cats and dogs, with thousands out in the rain. They got to the Station, got into their private car, and as they sit down he says to Mrs. Coolidge, "Grace, I bet a lot of 'em got wet today." And when they go to Northampton, that rainy morning, and the New Englanders were down to meet him after 25 years of splendid service, starting with being Mayor of that very town and winding up with running our Nation, well, there was a little band blowing away, and it's raining down their horns, and Mrs. Coolidge, rather overcome by her townfolks' reception, says, "Listen, Calvin, they are playing Home Sweet Home," and Mr. Coolidge replied, "Is it?"

Now, I wouldent have told you all these stories about Mr. Coolidge, but he is going to tell a lot about himself in "The American Magazine" and I knew he wouldent tell *all*. I feel like I ought to give Morrow the check for this article, for he give me all the stories.

Course, to me the crowning achievement of Mr. Coolidge's entire career has been that he could find a House to rent for $42.50 a month. That's not Statesmanship, that's a Miracle.

Then, people ask you every day, "Has Coolidge got Humor?" Say, he has more real, downright, subtle humor than anyone we have in public life. We have had many little laughs at him, but for every one we have had he has had a dozen at us. If he would sit down and write the funny things he saw while in there, then you would have a real masterpiece in humor. He saw 'em — dont forget that.

Wisconsin Gets Her Men

Condensed from The North American Review (June, '29)

Ruel McDaniel

JUSTICE moves swiftly in the State of Wisconsin. That is one of the two major reasons why that State has the lowest *per capita* major crime rate in the United States.

Recently in Madison, for instance, John McClintic, a nattily attired young bandit, was captured one evening, and the next afternoon entered the State penitentiary at Waupun for a sentence of 15 to 25 years at hard labor. And listen to this one: one morning an Italian stabbed his wife to death at the breakfast table. At two o'clock — same day — he boarded the train for Waupun!

Not only does Wisconsin deal quickly with its criminals, but it catches them with consistent speed. The combination accounts for Milwaukee's having the lowest burglary insurance rate of any large city in the country. Last year, also, Milwaukee recovered 95 percent of its stolen automobiles.

Milwaukee's police department is on an efficient business basis. The Identification Bureau is its nerve-center and all activities revolve around it. Here are concentrated a mass of records that make it uncomfortable, to say the least, for any law violator or suspect who has committed any crime anywhere and had thus far gone unpunished.

A few weeks ago an old man was brought in charged with petty larceny. He was escorted immediately to the Identification Bureau, and gladly gave his name. No, never before had he been arrested. During the questioning a clerk handed the head of the Bureau a paper.

"Why did you steal that dress from old lady Schmidt, a little over 30 years ago?"

The old man stared. Finally he admitted his guilt.

Now and then, when a warrant is issued for a certain arrest, the accused is not found. Obviously if the offense is not serious, the warrant is filed and more or less forgotten. Unless the violator is familiar with Milwaukee's methods, he figures after a year or so that he may safely return. So he may — unless he happens to run afoul of the law again. Regardless of what a person is charged with, the Bureau checks him up against the "warrant file."

Milwaukee has a country-wide reputation for returning fugitives from justice, because the Identi-

fication Bureau maintains a complete file of descriptions of all persons wanted in North America. Criminals have boasted in some places of having been arrested and acquitted of petty violations while murder charges hung over their heads. But not in Milwaukee.

Milwaukee has the flasher system of contacting with all officers on duty. The moment a serious offense has been reported to headquarters, signals all over the city flash in the boxes at street corners till officers answer them. Ordinarily within two minutes after a crime has been reported to headquarters, details of it are in the hands of every policeman on duty.

One morning a group of three men dropped off a train and at 12:30 pushed guns into the ribs of two men conducting a jewelry store, bound and gagged them, and made away with several thousand dollars worth of gems. Evidently, however, the job of binding was not a success, for at 12:50 one of the victims released himself and telephoned the police department. At exactly one o'clock two detectives took the trio off a North Shore train before it pulled out of the Milwaukee station. At five o'clock they were on their way to Waupun.

Both the judicial and police forces agree that one of the biggest aids in curbing crime in Milwaukee is that city's vagrancy ordinance. They simply don't have "gangs" in Milwaukee. Suspicious characters are politely asked for information. If the replies are satisfactory, fine. If not, the individual may soon find himself in the Identification Bureau. Again he has nothing to fear — if his record is clear.

Capture alone does not frighten professional criminals, however. It is what happens to them *after* the arrest that is impressive. Wisconsin's judicial methods are also efficient. In an effort to put its house in order, this State did something several years ago that even now is considered quite radical. It eliminated the grand jury system of indictment, except in investigation cases. A prisoner may have a trial by petit jury if he demands. Otherwise the usual criminal case is decided by the presiding judge. Wisconsin criminal court judges specialize in criminal cases. Other judges handle civil questions.

In Wisconsin there are no ridiculous claims of insanity. In the average court the defendant and the State alike can drag in "expert" alienists to no end to testify as to the sanity of the prisoner, and the jury must decide as to sanity. When a defendant in Wisconsin pleads insanity, the court immediately appoints a board of five recognized alienists. These experts, having no obligation

either to the State or to the defendant, report their findings, which are final. As a result, they don't plead insanity in Wisconsin unless they are insane.

But the State is not severe on its unfortunates. There is no capital punishment, for instance, in Wisconsin. And it was Wisconsin that originated another so-called radical judicial step — the Adult Probation Law. The commonwealth has been probating certain of its adult convicts since 1909.

As Judge A. C. Backus, the father of the Adult Probation Law, says, "The duty of the State not only is to punish its offenders, but to reclaim them. It is no credit to commit a thug to darkened walls; but it is glorious to make of that thug, eventually, a useful citizen.

"We have reason to believe that our system has succeeded. Of all the men and women we have released on probation, 90 percent have made good."

Wisconsin does not suffer from the probation debauch that is overrunning some of our States, however. There are certain strict qualifications a prisoner must meet before the probation board will consider his case: He must be a first offender; his crime must have been less serious than murder; his sentence must be shorter than ten years.

The prisoner is then released to the court which sentenced him. The court assumes charge of his welfare. It gets him a job. It sees after his family. If the family environment is of a sort that breeds a repetition of crime, the family may be moved to another community. The firm which hires the probated man pays the wage to the court. The prisoner does not handle his money. The court uses his earnings to its best ability, for his family, himself, and to build a savings account. Every Saturday the man reports to the court. Failure to report calls for immediate investigation.

"The only people besides the criminals who squealed when we adopted our system of dealing with law-violators," says Judge Backus, "were the middle-class lawyers who saw that the time consumed in the trials would dwindle — terribly from their point of view."

Speedy trials, plus a common sense practice of granting bonds, have eliminated the professional bondsmen from the courts of Wisconsin. Because an offender knows that he is to go to trial within a few days, he is not so insistent upon release by bond; and because the State demands that the full amount of the established bond in actual cash or property be placed in custody, professional bondsmen simply don't find the pickings worth while.

What's Wrong with the Right People?

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (June, '29)

Jack Black

RECENT efforts to suppress crime look as though society were trying to outgang the gangster, and out-shoot the shooter, without pausing to ask whether it won't result in simply pyramiding violence.

Is there any justification anywhere, in any time, for believing this method will work? I don't find it. I do not pose as an authority on crime. My testimony is that of a bystander — a guilty bystander, if you like, for I have survived four penitentiaries and numerous jails. I am useful only as an exhibit in the case; but if the laws which the right people are making today had been in effect 15 years ago, I should never have had a chance to stop stealing and learn working. I should have been stopped by the chair or a bullet; or I should be spittings my lungs out against a whitewashed wall and, like other life-timers, preaching to young offenders the doctrine of "shoot, and shoot first."

Besides being wrong myself, I have known, in and out of prison almost five thousand wrong ones. They had wronged society, and society, not understanding, wronged them back — with interest. The vicious circle that leads from one penitentiary to another had begun. All their stories could be hooked together on one thread: hatred of the police, contempt of the law, and fear and mistrust of the whole legal machine.

My own case is typical. Up to the age of 15 I thought a policeman was a hero, a person to be looked up to and trusted. Then one evening I was mistakenly "picked up, taken down, and thrown in" by one of them. The treatment I got in jail from them shot that illusion all to pieces.

Every subsequent contact for 25 years strengthened those impressions, and it has taken me the best part of a lifetime to learn that the cop is a victim of the same machine which makes the criminal.

I know hundreds of reformed criminals and I don't know one who was reformed by a policeman's night-stick, a severe sentence, or prison cruelty. A brutal flogging in a Canadian prison, and, years after, three days in the murderous strait-jacket on a dungeon floor in California, certainly did nothing to turn my thoughts toward reformation. Attempts to "throw the fear of God into them" always fail.

For the past 15 years I have been feeding and clothing myself instead of letting the tax-payers do it, because, at the time of my life when I least deserved it, I met judicial trust and leniency, which gave me hope. The judge who sentenced me to a year when he might have locked me up for life and thrown the key away, took a greater chance on me than I ever took on anything when he said:

"I believe you have sufficient character to build a new life. I will give you that chance."

Desperate men bereft of hope are potentially violent men. Laws which, like the Baumes Law, prescribe a life sentence for a fourth conviction, destroy hope and breed violence. At best they amount to nothing more than a policeman's order to "move on." At the worst they create a blind alley from which the only exit the desperate criminal knows is "Drop him before he drops you." The result — a dead policeman here, a dead citizen there, a dead stool pigeon somewhere else.

Wrong ones and right ones are much alike when their backs are to the wall. Both are apt to get panicky. The crime-doctors, faced with an appalling increase of crime, are crowded into hasty action by a lot of nervous citizens who want the crime wave stopped overnight. They recommend more laws, more punishment, when the experience of all the ages has shown its futility. They listen to the hue and cry against "mollycoddling" criminals, and restrict parole, probation, and pardon — the only measures that permit a criminal to reform.

Governor Clifford Walker of Georgia lifts a calm voice in the clamor for revenge: "The extreme crime-wave reformer," says the Governor, "would try to frighten human nature into submission. Crime cannot be prevented by fear of punishment, or by harsh, cruel, or inhuman treatment. Such methods have been given a fair trial. There is no crosscut to the transformation of the delinquent."

It is safe to say that if every voter in America could be forced to witness a hanging or an electrocution, capital punishment would be abolished. Certainly no one who has lived through one of those black Fridays in prison could doubt that evil walks with the hangman. As the day draws near the prison becomes a smoldering volcano. The convicts grow sullen and short-tempered; guards are cursed and assaulted. The dungeons are filled with unruly prisoners "boiling up" with hatred. In the stone quarries at Folsom men threw thousands of dollars' worth of valuable steel tools in the canals and smashed with sledge hammers pieces of carved granite which they had

worked on for months. In a blind, helpless surge of revolt they destroyed whatever they could get their hands on. In the "diner" I have seen hungry men hurl their food to the floor, refusing to eat "the damned hangman's stew." Of one thing the right people may be sure: no prisoner's thoughts are turned toward anything good on such a day.

The right people are all for bigger police forces, for "lengthening the arm of the law." I will go them one better. I am for bigger and *better* police forces. A bigger police force with the present system would only multiply the evils which the right people are trying to correct.

Recently a country boy appeared in the dock of a New York police court charged with vagrancy. He told the judge that he had a job and asked to be released. The judge was doubtful.

"When did you get the job? Since you've been arrested?"

"Yes," the boy replied. "The policeman who arrested me got it for me last night."

The judge complimented the policeman at great length; a reporter present saw a "story" — *because it was news.*

What would happen if it weren't news, if all policemen acted that way?

Our police force needs men with a less punitive and more scientific attitude toward crime and criminals. Such men are not to be had for the wages paid by most municipalities. The Philadelphia police scandal shows that the men are paid salaries which are almost an invitation to graft. What legitimate inducement is there for ambitious young men to go into the police department? Handicapped by poor pay, ridden by politicians, and surrounded by an atmosphere of graft, what chance is there for good men to do intelligent, humane, and constructive police work?

What, in a nutshell, is my case against the right people? I contend that more laws and more punishment will mean nothing but more crime. What we need is more science; emphasis on prevention rather than punishment; more attention to juveniles. The right people are working on the wrong end of the problem. If they would give more attention to the high chair, they could soon put cobwebs on the electric chair. They lay too much stress on what the wrong people do, not on *why* they do it; on what they are, instead of how they get that way.

Danny Ryan's mother said it all when she held out her arms to her son in the cell next to mine and cried:

"Danny, boy, how come you so?"

To Europe—Then and Now

Condensed from Vanity Fair (June, '29)

Paul Morand

THE history of New York begins with two errors in navigation. The first mistake was made by the Genoese, Verrazano, who, sailing along the Atlantic coast to find a northwest passage which would take him to China, passed by Manhattan without even noticing it. The second mistake was that of Hudson, who sailed up the river which now bears his name, in the belief that it led to the Pacific. Having gone as far as the present site of Albany the *Half-Moon* discovered that it was not yet in China and returned to the mouth of the river. Yet these misguided mariners were the heralds of our modern transatlantic voyages.

Back in the 18th Century, when the first transatlantic service between New York and Europe began to operate, the ships employed were clumsy barks. These ships, with the march of improvement, gave way to graceful two- and three-masted schooners. And finally, about 1845, the famous Atlantic racers, the clipper ships, appeared, the speed of which was not surpassed by steamers for a long time. As elegant as yachts, the clippers, originating in Baltimore, made the crossing in from 15 to 20 days, with such regularity that they thenceforth sailed on a fixed date, and "packet day" came to have considerable importance, both social and economic, in the relations between the two worlds.

Meanwhile young Mr. Fulton was boldly venturing a trial trip on the Hudson with his invention, the *Clermont*. Look at contemporary pictures. A great still served as a boiler. From a long chimney pipe flames rise high, but scarcely higher than the high hats of three gentlemen on board who stare anxiously at the small wheel with six paddles, and pistons beating in the two barrels which serve as cylinders.

A little more than ten years after the *Clermont* had triumphantly reached Albany, the *Savannah*, with the help of sails, crossed to Liverpool in 25 days, and in 1833 the *Royal William* crossed the Atlantic with its paddle wheels alone.

The Cunard Line was established, and, in 1840, launched three ships of from 1000 to 1500 tons. German and American companies followed, but it was the use of iron hulls, about 1860, and of hulls of steel, about 1880, that

was to lead to the great development of transatlantic liners — and, above all, the screw, invented in 1836, and coming into general use after 1870.

England, anxious to monopolize new inventions, had instituted, in 1838, the first transatlantic service employing steamships. *The Sirius* and the famous *Great Western* crossed from Queenstown or Cork to New York in from 15 to 18 days. American efforts in this line were commercially unsuccessful, but even in those days Americans had a feeling for luxury that astonished the English and forced them to remodel their ships. I remember an old English print of 1849 which shows the people of Bristol visiting the new American liner *Atlantic* which, wonder of wonders, had on board a barber shop! But the sister ships of the *Atlantic* were ill fated. The *Arctic* was run down by a French steamer, and the *Pacific* sailed from Liverpool one morning in 1856 and was never heard of again.

Nevertheless, the great liner had come into being, though it kept its sails, as some animals still retain, after centuries, organs they no longer use. In contemporary pictures one sees long dormitories, where, in coffin-like bunks, travelers had to content themselves with the light of a single wretched oil lamp, through long, stormy nights, while booted Russian Jews or Italian accordion players sang folk songs.

Fifty years later, that is, today, the ship of three or four thousand tons has become the palatial floating hotel of 60,000 tons that we know, with its sports, its coon orchestras, its bar, its rich woodwork, its crystal and silverware. We see it setting forth upon *de luxe* cruises, like some vast geometrical fairyland, like a floating ball room, like a modern show boat with the show given by the audience itself.

With its wide decks like public squares, with its four smokestacks slanting backward, its promenade decks, the miles marked off in great white letters on the planks, its windlasses, its luxurious floor coverings, its long mahogany corridors, the ship has made more improvement in 50 years than in 50 preceding centuries.

Who will write *The Comedy of Steamers?* Who will deal with the effect of the great liners on manners and customs? The liners of an earlier time perpetuated at sea the stupid life of a British Sunday. Now the liner has become an amusing place.

Is there a more elegant beach, more picturesque Cannes, more extravagant Lido, than certain promenade decks between noon and one o'clock, while the pedigreed dogs of the millionaires take their exercise before going

back to their delightful little grilled cabins? Where are you, you poor wives of the pioneers who shivered from fear and cold in the saloon a hundred years ago, wrapped in vast cashmere shawls, your feet on a hot brick? Would you ever have dreamed that your granddaughters would dance, swim, ride electric horses and camels, on these same waters?

The first liners, proud of their stability, pompously called themselves Atlantic ferryboats. What is to be said of the ships of today, which the most severe storms cannot affect? It is no longer the waves that make passengers ill, but rather too much indulgence in *pâtés de foie-gras* and nights spent with paper caps on the head, waving balloons and shaking rattles. No one feels shut in; there is no sense that one is risking one's life; if there are pirates, they are of a most engaging aspect.

The wireless, with its merrily crackling sparks, keeps us in constant contact with those most dear to us — even our stock broker. Finally, as the very height of comfort, if, after having sailed, you feel nervous, and regret having started, you can still change your mind and go back ashore with the pilot, as did one sentimental lady passenger who reëntered her house in New York two hours after the ship had sailed.

As for that slightly exhilarated gentleman who, to prove his devotion, leaped into the ocean, in evening clothes, he cannot say that the liner is not solicitous of the comfort of its passengers, for he was immediately fished out again.

Winter crossings are rather tedious. Then one meets business men who travel for serious reasons; they take books from the ship's library and even, sometimes, read them. But with the spring the first tourists take flight and the ship cheers up. In June and July you see it *en fête*. There are delightful little suppers in the suites *de luxe*, petting parties in the moonlight, and whoopee on all the decks, A, B, C and D!

The liner is no longer dangerous; one no longer fears it, one craves it. So, in less than a hundred years, we have passed from the wretched voyages upon which the death list attained enormous proportions to these luxurious floating hotels, with their ice boxes full of game and the rarest viands of the world, with their printing presses, their photographic studios, their portable airplanes, and even their padded cells — for travelers subject to attacks of D.T.'s. Thus has mechanical improvement on the sea kept pace with the age of miracles on land.

Detroitism—What Is It?

Condensed from Collier's Weekly (June 1, '29)

William G. Shepherd

"DETROITISM" is a term that is being generally used to explain America's millions of motor cars, and the universal home comforts and conveniences which in other lands are considered the luxuries of the rich. Detroitism, to some economists, means standardization of human beings; to others, mass production, mass consumption, installment buying, prohibition and many other things.

No one has yet succeeded in defining Detroitism. But a research project known as "The Committee on Recent Economic Changes," for which President Hoover has been chiefly responsible, has recently completed a picture of what this so-called Detroitism has done for us. Let's take a look at the picture:

The "Total Realized National Income," what the nation receives in wages, salaries, rents, interest or business profits, is about $87,000,000,000 a year. Divide that by our population, and it means an average of about $735 per person per year. Moreover, America's workers are geting an amazingly large share of this income — 57 percent of the income of the nation. They got only 53 percent before the war.

Landlords are getting less of our money. Fifteen percent of the national income in 1913 was taken from renters; today it is 13 percent. What used to be rent money, among many of us, is now our own building money. And building is being done on a larger-room scale for the individual. Back in 1913, 149 square feet was the residential construction for each person added to the population. Today this figure is 286 square feet. It's as if each of us was planning to move from a room 12 by 12 feet, to one 16 by 16.

Faster than our population grows do we speed up our expenditures for health preservation, recreation, charities, education and hospitals. In 1915 we spent a comparatively meager $860,000,000 on these things. That was about 2.4 percent of the national income. Recently we have increased this to almost $3,000,000,000 a year, or about 3.5 percent of the national income.

Only one youth in ten between the ages of 15 and 19 was lucky enough to enter high school in

1913. About one in three is now the average. High school attendance today is over 3,250,000, and we spend about ten times as much for our high schools now as we did in 1913. And what about colleges? Only one in 300 of our youths went to college before the war. Almost three times as many go now: one in 100. Education is no longer considered a luxury in America.

Changes have also reached our dinner table. Strange as it may seem at first glance, the table use of corn is a test of prosperity. The higher the income in homes, the less is spent on corn. And the higher American incomes have risen, the less corn meal we have consumed per person. Today we eat only one-fifth of the corn meal we consumed back in the grim and hard '80s.

We are inclined, as we grow more affluent, to let animals eat our corn for us, and then, in turn, eat the animals. Corn is still among our largest crops, but the corn bill for the table falls, and our meat bill rises as our wealth increases.

In a prosperous year you, roughly speaking, eat your weight in meat. The average meat consumption per person is about 155 pounds. Over half of this will be in the form of pork, fattened, in the main, on corn.

Sugar is a prosperity food. No other people on earth can afford so much of it as we use. No year would be complete for you, speaking in averages, that did not yield you your quota of 110 pounds of sugar.

We're eating less food in quantity, however, than in 1910. This is partly because many people are eating to be slender; partly because people are being educated to the perils of overeating.

President Hoover's investigators point out that our eating habits are undoubtedly growing more sensible. Our very large and ever-increasing consumption of salad oils, made, in large part, from cottonseed, and appearing frequently in what used to be a rich man's luxury, mayonnaise dressing, shows how we are turning to leafy vegetables and fresh fruits in salad form.

Electricity is being summoned to perform more and more of the toil of our homes. The use of electric laundry apparatus, for instance, has increased tenfold since 1914. Our homes are absorbing about 1,000,000 new electrical washing machines a year. And 14,000,000 home telephones help to bring the outside world into the home.

Twenty years ago there was a car for every 265 persons in this country. With a production of 3,000,000 new cars every year and an additional 1,000,000 motor trucks we come to a place in 1929

when, at any one moment, we can place the entire population of 120,000,000 Americans in our automobiles.

In automobiles we seem to be going democratic. Almost one-fourth of the cars today are being bought by laborers and artisans. "Salesmen and clerks" are buying another 20 percent yearly. Thus almost half our cars are being paid for out of wages and salaries.

In other words the "working peepul," as the politicians describe the openers of pay-envelopes, are today paying more than half the wages of some 3,000,000 men in the automobile business. And why not? Each wage earner in the United States today, thanks to machinery, is producing 53.5 percent more than in 1919. There has been a decrease in unit cost of what he produces of 24.5 percent. Maybe the student of Detroitism will decide that he has earned his car.

Money going for cars isn't being taken out of home improvement, either. Consider this fact. In 1913 only one home in five, standing out like a rich man's mansion, was electrically wired; today, only one home in eight is not wired. Only one home in three could boast a bathtub in 1913; now only one home in seven is without such a necessity.

This era of Detroitism, with its quick changes, hasn't been easy sailing for everybody, however. The swift current of progress has thrown aside its driftwood. "It has imposed severe suffering upon hundreds of thousands of individuals," says one of the investigators.

When we make a shift in diet from less cereal to more meat, some farmers must suffer. There have been tragedies in the farm world. It takes only 29 percent of us to feed the rest of us. In other lands it's more; 43 percent in Germany, for instance.

Many are wearing far fewer clothes than they used to. This means that many individuals have been thrown out of work in the wool industries. Tractors on farms have multiplied almost by ten in ten years. There are 6,000,000 fewer horses and mules to eat farm products. This change alone has thrown about 18,000,000 acres out of work. The number of motor cars has already passed the number of horses and mules — 20,000,000.

What has produced these tremendous changes during the past decade, that have brought misfortune to some and such tremendous benefits to the vast majority of us? No one really knows. Make an answer to suit yourself, as the experts are doing — and go on enjoying the benefits and trying to correct the errors that this new "ism" in the world has produced among us.

How to Live on $22 a Week

Condensed from The Nation (May 15, '29)

Paul Blanshard

I WANTED to know how normal people lived on the average wage they were getting in a mill village of South Carolina. I was taken to see Gladys Caldwell in her four-room cottage. She met us at the door and invited us in.

As she talked, Mrs. Caldwell was vivacious and eloquent, with flashing brown eyes and flashing white teeth. From time to time she spit snuff into the fireplace with perfect nonchalance. Her husband came in before we were through, a big man, strong and steady-eyed. He is 30, she is 29. Here is her story:

Yes, I have a husband and five children. I'm a weaver, at least I work in the weave room fillin' batt'ries. I get paid by the day.

I get up at four to start breakfast for the children. When you got five young 'uns it takes a while to dress 'em. The oldest is nine and she helps a lot. The others are seven, five, four, and three. What do we have for breakfast? Well, bread and butter and syrup, usually. No, we don't get any sweet milk. We get a gallon of buttermilk every day for 25 cents. The children like it; they don't take much to sweet milk. They ain't used to it. After I've got the children dressed and fed I take 'em to the mill nursery, that is, three of 'em. Two go to school.

My husband and I go to the mill at seven. He's a stripper in the cardin' room and gets $12.85 a week, but that's partly because they don't let him work Saturday mornin'.

I get $1.80 a day. That's $9.95 a week for five and a half days. I work from seven to six with an hour for dinner. I run up and down the alleys all day. No, they ain't hardly ever a chance to sit down.

At noon I run home and get dinner for the seven of us. We have more to eat at noon. We have beans and baked sweets and bread and butter, and sometimes fat-back (fat bacon) and sometimes pie, if I get time to bake it. Of course I make my own bread.

It takes about $16 a week to feed us. We get nearly all of it at the company store with jay flaps. They are the slips the company gives you for buying groceries with after you've worked all day. Then you can get your groceries right away and don't have to wait until the end of the week for your

pay. If we didn't have 'em some of the people would starve before the end of the week shore enough.

After dinner I wash the dishes and run back to the mill. There's a faucet with runnin' water on the back porch and a regular toilet there, too. You can see we have electric lights, but we don't have any heatin' stove.

When the whistle blows at six I come home and get supper. Then I put the children to bed. We have three double beds for the seven of us. The baby's pretty young. I 'spose all of the children'll go into the mills when they get a bit older. We'll need the money all right.

We've moved five times since we was married — that's 11 years ago. It don't cost much to move when you move a little way. But they ain't nothin' in movin' from one mill to another in the long run.

My husband reads a book once in a while but I don't get time. I went through the third grade in school and then when I was nine I went to work in the mill. My husband didn't go to school neither but he picked up readin'. Yes, we take a paper.

When supper is over I have a chance to make the children's clothes. Yes, I make 'em all, and all my own clothes, too. I borrow the use of a sewin' machine. On Saturday night I wash the children, and do the week's ironin'. I have to send out the laundry. It costs nearly $2 a week. Our rent in this house is only $1.30 a week, and we get water and light free.

I always make a coat last seven or eight years. My husband gets a suit every two years but he ain't had one for the last six years. Things have been pretty hard. I like the movies but I haven't been to one in about six years now. I don't get time to go to church.

We been lucky about sickness. The children ain't been sick at all for years. Let's see, my babies cost $25 except for the first one and that cost $30. 'Taint every doctor that will do it for that. I never had any trouble. I worked up to two months before, mostly, and went back when the children was about four months old. I had to hire a colored girl when the babies come. That cost $7 a week.

Yes, maybe my children ought to get away from the mill village, but if they went anywhere they would go back to the farm and there ain't no use doin' that. The farmers haven't got it as good as we have.

Emotional America

Condensed from The Outlook and Independent (May 8, '29)

Ira S. Wile and Mary Day Winn

AMERICA is moving in the direction of bigger and better emotions. Although emotion has always existed as the mainspring of life, we have heretofore tended to belittle it in the practical affairs of the world and to exalt brain capacity instead. Now, with the help of Freud and his fellow probers into "man's unexpurgated innards," we have discovered our mistake, and with characteristic American energy are doing something about it.

The old idea that human beings could be sorted according to the way they reacted to certain intellectual tests was an alluring one because it made everything so simple and reasonable. This student rates A, therefore he will probably be a success in life; that one rates D and will probably die in the poorhouse; this law is obviously wise and just, therefore the people will gladly accept it; this soap is the best on the market and hence it will outsell the others. On such fallacies are Utopias constructed.

The modern psychologist knows, and the business man has learned from him, that success or failure depends primarily on the individual's emotional equipment, on how he reacts emotionally to people and events around him, and on his ability to arouse, in others, emotions advantageous to himself.

The cash value of the emotional appeal is apparent in every branch of business. The flood of color that has swept over our homes, our offices, and our public buildings is emotional in its inspiration and effect. Modern manufacturers put sex appeal into everything, even the ice box. The modern bathroom, that used to be so chastely white, has taken on the appearance of a Venusberg. When the advertising copywriter takes his pen in hand, his whole attention is centered on the effort to arouse curiosity, fear, envy, and desire; the less intelligence he can stir up, the better his chances of success. Even Big Business, theoretically so cold and calculating, is frequently wrecked by emotion, as when an ill-founded panic brings ruin to thousands on the stock exchange.

Emotion dictates the front-page contents of nearly every city newspaper, and is 99 percent responsible for the success of the tabloids. It is the base of that newspaper axiom: "Any piece of

news is more interesting if there's a woman in it." If a man flies out across the lonely stretch of ocean and never comes back, that is sorrowful and thrilling. But if a woman does it, it is even more sorrowful and thrilling, and if she happens to be a pretty woman, it is the breathless peak of disaster.

Even more important to successful living and to business efficiency than the ability to arouse useful emotions in others, is an individual's own equipment of emotions and their balanced control; in other words, his personality. Emotional adjustment is the end sought for in almost all psychiatric treatment, and the majority of the cases of insanity are not caused by "something the matter with the brain," but by something the matter with the emotions.

A human being's mind is like an iceberg. The small portion on top of the water, which others can see and steer around, is his conscious intelligence, the part he uses to plan business deals, or play bridge, or buy a cravat, or choose a wife, — for his son. The much larger portion of his mind, hidden below, is made up of emotions and of unconscious motives and desires. When his life, or those of others with whom he has come in contact, is shipwrecked, it is this subconscious, emotional portion that usually causes the trouble.

It has taken us a long time to realize this. We have clung tenaciously to the idea that mental capacity was the most important requisite for worldly success — clung to this false notion until example after example has forced us to abandon it. We have exulted over child prodigies until we have seen the failure that comes to many prodigies.

Even as recently as 15 years ago we thought that a large percent of crime was due to feeble-mindedness. Now we have discovered that it is frequently not our stupidest but our cleverest people who become criminals. We have observed that recidivists (people convicted of more than one crime) have a higher intelligence than first offenders; that among wayward girls on parole, the ones who reform have a lower intelligence than those who do not. Leopold and Loeb were exceptionally brilliant students; Hickman was said to be a leader of his class. Obviously it is not lack of brains that makes the criminal; more often it is emotional maladjustment.

The professions which, more than any others, depend on the right kind of emotional make-up are acting, writing, painting, dancing, music, and the ministry. But the list does not end there. The man who has never freed himself, emotionally, from his mother's apron strings, and is

therefore unable to stand up under hard knocks and to take responsibility; the man who flees from hard reality into the forgetfulness of drink or drugs; the timid person, who will never take a chance; the restless soul, always in need of change, excitement, adventure; the amorous individual, who sacrifices everything to the demands of his sex life, — all these are emotional misfits, though their intelligence may be of the highest order.

Big Business is learning the wisdom of considering the emotions of its personnel. One of the greatest items in the overhead of any large concern is the loss from a constant labor turnover, and in a surprising number of cases the reasons for the turnover are emotional in origin. Either the employe is in a job for which he is not emotionally fitted; or he is not able to get on with his fellows; or he comes to work exhausted by conflicting emotions in his private life. In such a situation the old idea was to throw him out and train a new man for his job, accepting the resulting overhead loss. The newer business psychology, as practiced by some large firms, is to employ a psychiatrist who makes an understanding inquiry into the situation, taking into account the important rôle which emotion plays in business, and then to take steps to correct the trouble. Sometimes these steps consist in expert advice or material help in home problems, but more often they mean shifting the man or woman into some other line of work within the same organization to which his personality is better adapted.

Americans, as a race, are restless, eager, carrying on the battle of life with a lusty furore which brings gasps of amazement from cynical and jaded Europe. All about us is motion, and this *motion* creates *emotion*. The emotionalism of America has been attributed to many causes. Count Keyserling says we are dominated by our women, generally accounted the more emotional sex. It seems more probable that the principal reason is our youth, our National adolescence, for adolescence is a time when emotions are in the saddle. Whatever the reason, the fact of emotionalism is one of the keys to our National character. But though, like individual youth, we are so often controlled by emotion, we differ from individual youth, in this respect: we have wisdom enough to realize the fact and often to use it to our advantage; emotion is almost a religion with us, but we have made it a very practical religion.

Mr. Smith and Mr. Smythe

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (May, '29)

Albert Jay Nock

IN the past year or so Anglo-American relations have emerged from the "hush! hush!" stage where any serious trouble was "unthinkable," to the stage where there is a general call for discussion. At Philadelphia the other day, the Master of Balliol said finely that both nations would benefit "if we could speak the truth instead of exchanging meaningless pleasantries." On the same day, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald published an address to our people, in which he called for both realism and publicity in no uncertain terms.

I take it that control of the seas is the keystone of British policy. In control of the seas, obviously, the main desideratum is the control of neutral commerce in time of war. If I were a British subject I should feel very strongly about this, because I should have all history on my side in believing that the moment it was compromised, that moment my country was practically disarmed. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald asks the rhetorical question whether any attempt is being made "to clear up the confusion of the freedom of the seas." There is no confusion, I think. I hope Mr. MacDonald will correct me if I have presented the British view of the issue improperly. May I ask in all friendliness and sympathy — for I know what reply I should make if I were a British subject — if that is not his own view? I put it to him that if Britain's control of neutral trade with an enemy were effectively challenged she would be virtually disarmed, and her freedom of political action impaired to the point of practical vassalage to the challenging nation. I put it to him also that this fact would be uppermost in the minds of the British delegates to any conference.

Now, the fact uppermost in the minds of American delegates would be this: that we have every intention of keeping our neutral commerce free of British control under any and all circumstances. We are not interested in denying Britain the means of resisting direct attacks or of protecting her trade-routes. We are solely interested in divesting her of the power to hold up our own trade. Since the War we have harvested a large volume

of foreign trade, and our production is geared so high that we think we must get as much more as we can. I think this policy is extremely bad, but my own opinion does not alter the situation. There is no more "confusion" about the American view than I am able to see about the British view.

The issue is indeed so little "confused" as to admit only the one formula of unconditional surrender by either side. The only compromise that could be proposed, indeed, as far as I can imagine, would be reducible to this formula: the British delegates could say, Let us keep our control of neutral commerce, and we will agree to a set of rules for its exercise. We will sign a treaty setting forth these rules, and our troubles will be over. If Mr. MacDonald has anything like that in mind, his project would find no favor here. There would be no question of distrusting England in particular, but we know too well what treaty-arrangements amount to with any nation that has its back to the wall. We would not trust our own Government more than another in those circumstances; why, then, should we be asked to trust the British Government?

Much as I dislike our national economic policy, I must yet say a word in justice to our settled intention of emancipating our trade from British control. Mr. MacDonald knows our history. He knows to what lengths Mr. Jefferson went in trying to enforce our neutral rights against this British policy of forbidding our trade, and how finally, under Mr. Madison, we went to war in defense of these rights. He knows how British sea-power was exercised against our nationalism during the Civil War. As for the period of our neutrality after 1914, he was certainly in position to know what took place then. I crossed the ocean several times during that period, on neutral ships. I saw American machinery, consigned to a neutral country, taken off and impounded by the British authorities. I saw our mails rifled for the censorship, and it was notorious that trade-information contained in neutral mails was tipped off to British competitors.

Mr. MacDonald's delegates would not find anti-British sentiment from me on the strength of these incidents; but what they would have to encounter is the state of mind of my friend Smith, who manufactures red rust-proof paint down in West Virginia, and that of Jones, who makes monkey-wrenches in Ohio. Nothing can be done with these brethren. They are interested in just two things: first, a high tariff on paint and monkey-wrenches; second, in unload-

ing their surplus products on the heathen who sit in darkness on distant shores. Tell them that they ought not to mind a little interference with their foreign shipments once in a while for the sake of British security, and they will reply that they do not care a button for British security.

Now, it is possible, perhaps probable, that Smythe, who makes cutlery at Sheffield, and Jones-ap-Jones who is in the Welsh steam-coal business, would be just as hard to persuade about the freedom of neutral commerce as Smith and Jones are. They are interested in the maintenance of British security; and if Mr. Ramsay MacDonald undertook to show them that this security should be sacrificed in order to enable Smith and Jones to trade with Britain's enemies in time of war, I imagine he might have a very hard time. What we face, in fact, is an extremely serious collision of economic interest.

If Great Britain loses the power of blockade in any war she undertakes, she is highly likely to lose the war. Therefore, Smythe of Sheffield knows that only so long as Britannia rules the wave, is he safe from having his cutlery works demolished by an irruption of alien hordes; and he is, therefore, for the *status quo*, even if there be never another quart of paint shipped out of West Virginia. Smith, on the other hand, is against Britannia's ruling the wave, and I wish Mr. MacDonald could walk the floor and argue with him awhile. The first question would also be the last: Why the devil should I sacrifice my shareholders for British security? Tell him he was breeding a war by his obduracy, and he would say that the Government could look out for that; that foreigners liked his paint and were willing to pay for it, and that he proposes to deliver it or know why.

I hope I have put the situation clearly. The wretched thing about it is that nobody can be blamed. How can I blame Smythe for not wanting to see his country reduced to playing second fiddle? On the other hand, can Mr. MacDonald blame Smith for his reluctance to having his deliveries held up? Smythe and Smith, for all I can see, are blameless; yet their multiplication by a million or so creates an abominable and utterly unmanageable situation.

Smythe will not be talked out of his convictions, nor should he be; no, nor yet Smith. And the root of the disarmament problem lies in the fact that there are millions of Smiths and Smythes. In their public capacity Smith and Smythe are incompatible; and my belief is — and I state it in the liveliest desire that Mr. MacDonald can find a way to demolish it — that they are hopelessly incompatible.

To "Be" or to "Do"

Condensed from The Forum (June, '29)

James Truslow Adams

I HAVE often tried to estimate just what my education did for my mind. I must have had in all about 12 or 13 years, and as I look back on them I am impressed with the appalling waste of time and effort.

I was taught Latin, German, and French, but could never read either of the first two without a dictionary, and in conversation could never speak more than a sentence of any of the three. Yet, at 35, I taught myself Persian in a few months. And I remember, during the war, meeting on the street a young French lad who spoke English fluently and told me he had been taught it at school. So far as I know, no American school ever accomplished such a feat.

Of history as I may have been taught it, I can remember nothing. The rudiments of spelling and mathematics have undoubtedly been useful. As far as my "education" was concerned, the arts of painting, sculpture, architecture, and music were simply nonexistent. Of my physics and chemistry I have only hazy recollections.

I have always been greatly interested in philosophy, and I recall with what anticipations I went from my small college to study the subject under the late Professor Ladd at Yale. Never were a student's hopes more swiftly annihilated. In his course he lectured to over 300 students; some of his audience read novels and newspapers, while a few "grinds" like myself struggled at note-taking. There was never any direct contact between my own uninstructed mind and that of the instructor. The professor was a mere oral textbook. At the end of the course, five of my novel-reading friends got me to sit under a tree with them for a couple of afternoons. They all passed the examination, with higher marks, I believe, than I did myself. This course was the final item of an education which had cost me a dozen years and my father about $6000, pre-war.

In so far as there appears to be any definite trend in American educational aims, it would seem to be toward President Eliot's ideal of "power and service" — one of the most baneful phrases, I fear, ever let loose by an educator. America already is the only civilized country in the world where what a man *does* counts for more than what he *is*, and now

the stress of education is laid wholly upon the "doing." We have college courses in cost accounting, in real estate selling, in "business English," and personnel management — all ranking equally with philosophy or literature or science. I cannot see that, as a general rule, American colleges leave the slightest cultural impress upon those who attend them.

"For power and service." This phrase not only expresses a utilitarian view of education, but, in the true American spirit of haste, it has emphasized the desire for "immediate results." It has emphasized our belief that "culture" is either something to help one in his economic career or else is a mere fandangle ornament for those who wish to "put on side" — not something vital in one's own spiritual growth.

As compared with the magnificent educational "plants" in this country, those of Europe make but a shabby showing — but they appear to get results that ours do not. There, idle students are everywhere, but they seem to come away from their schools or "gymnasiums" or universities with something which our students do not have — a maturity and a character.

The matter may be subjected to certain rough ways of measuring. Look at Antwerp, generally considered a mere minor industrial center. Wandering about the streets there, one not only finds bookshops everywhere, but displayed in them the latest books, in four languages, on science, philosophy, and the arts. This fact speaks eloquently of the results attained by Dutch education of whatever sort it may be. Again, in the 28 years that the Nobel Prize in literature has been offered, it has never yet been won by an American, though winners have come from practically every country in Europe and even from the Orient. Still another educational foot rule: if we leave genius out of account and consider only the cultured public, we find that the number of books published in various countries in proportion to units of 10,000 inhabitants gives the following table:

Denmark	11.4
Latvia	9.5
Holland	9.0
Germany	5.2
Norway	4.7
France	3.8
Great Britain	3.0
United States	.85

Education in this country is supported by public money and is chiefly concerned with giving the public what it wants. Now what the mass of the public wants is anything but a "liberal education." It wants two things: the ability to earn a better living; and the label of having been edu-

cated — a diploma or degree certifying that fact.

Obviously, there are two kinds of education. One should teach us how to make a living, and the other how to live. Surely these should never be confused in the mind of any man who has the slightest inkling of what culture is. The word "culture" has innumerable definitions, but we may quote one of Matthew Arnold's as being suggestive. He speaks of culture as "a harmonious expansion of all the powers which make the beauty and worth of human nature."

Of course, life is short, and most people have no *time* for culture because it does not lead immediately to "power and service." This, to be sure, is nothing new. What *is* new is that the colleges have opened their arms to all such and have deceived them into believing that when they have gotten an olla-podrida of information of a scientific and cultural sort, they have acquired a liberal education and are entitled to consider themselves Bachelors or Masters of Arts.

If it be complained that most people have no time for a liberal education, I reply that this has nothing to do with the matter. If they have no time for it, why tell them they *are* educated? Why not face the problem frankly and divide education (and degrees) into two sections, the one to teach people how to make a living, and the other to give them a *liberal* education, to teach them how to live.

We have been "doing" for three hundred years. We have cleared and settled a continent. We have accumulated the most colossal store of material power the world has ever seen. Is it not time that we began to think what to do with all our means, what the end is that we wish to attain? Are we forever to continue getting more things simply in order to get more things? The entire practical life in America urges us to do unceasingly and unthinkingly. Should it not be one of the chief functions of education to find the strands of meaning in our ceaseless web of doing and to teach us some purpose in our lives? Can anything give us that purpose better than culture, in the sense defined above?

We are giving our educators money reckoned in hundreds of millions of dollars. We are giving them also a hundred million years or so of the lives of our young in every generation. In exchange, what are they returning to us in national ideals and culture? It is a fair question, which I call upon them to answer.

Wild Iron Life

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post (May 25, '29)

Chet Shafer

"I'M bid fitty! Who'll bi' me fitty-five?"

The auctioneer rested his hand on the massive head of a St. Bernard dog.

"Fitty-five! Going at fitty-five! Sold!" As he spoke he brought his mallet down with a sharp tunk on the head of the beast. "The gentleman with the eye-glasses gets this wonderful cast-iron masterpiece."

The enactment of this scene was recent realistic testimony that at least one noble institution, shunted into the discard, is about to experience a resurrection. Neglected since the devastation wrought by edicts of supercilious critics, an old art may be revived. Certainly its remainders are to be preserved.

It requires no rough goading of the cockles of memory to recall those days when these animals graced the lawns of the mighty. Decorative as their true purpose was, the animals had a much deeper significance. No false modesty prevented their owners from likening their lawns and estates, lavishly strewn with stag and deer, to old English parks where life was real and earnest.

Sometimes, of course, the animals were responsible for unfortunate experiences such as befell the owner of a forceful piece, a recumbent spaniel, in front of his house. One dark night the citizen came home after a too assiduous association with the brimming stein and fell headlong over his *objet d'art*. Scrambling up, angered, he kicked the defenseless animal on its cast-iron nose. His — the owner's — howls of pain made the night hideous and he had to go around on crutches for two weeks, making ingenious explanations.

Easily the largest and most readily recognized pieces of this fauna were lions. Delicate fawns were popular too. Deer were fabricated in two postures, standing and reclining. Stags were available only in an upright position. Dogs were far and away the most numerous, and ranged all the way from St. Bernards, formidable in size and alert to save a life a day, to wolf dogs of nasty disposition. The wolf dog had a bronze coat which cost ten dollars extra, but was well worth the money. The molders also poured off a few lambs, rabbits with wire whiskers, and eagles.

One Minnesota farmer put in

an order for 200 cast-iron carrier pigeons. Half of them were painted white, the other half black, and they were mounted on a plate which could be screwed down. The farmer set them in trees, on his gates and porches, and, in a burst of generosity, fastened a flock of them to the steeple of the neighborhood church where they still remain, a little chipped, but capable of weathering the elements for a considerable time to come.

The exact date of the beginning of the cast-iron period in American art is difficult to set, but brave beams of sunlight are supposed to have slanted down upon some specimens in the late 50's. Being true artists, the makers constantly improved upon their first ingots. Cast-iron settees were fashioned in which ferns, grapes and morning-glories were the motifs. Nor were interiors neglected. Cast-iron cuspidors, the lids done in delicate leaf-and-grape designs, were supplied as highly ornamental for home or office, and serviceable too. But the gem of cast-iron furniture was the hall tree, poured six to eight feet in height, with numerous knobs and projections and curved branches to hold umbrellas and coats. These trees were very top-heavy and not infrequently, loaded with garments on the night the IXL Club met, they crashed. Why the casualties resulting were not larger is still a matter of wonderment.

The public received the furniture with warm acclaim, and the makers were spurred into producing some astonishing statuary. Among their early efforts was the perfection of the colored boy — The Darky — a hitching post. He extended a welcoming hand which held an iron ring.

Then there were fountains. In one a little barefoot boy clasped the hand of a little girl and held an umbrella over their heads. The water jettied from the tip of the "bumbershoot," as it was jokingly called. A boy playing a fiddle was called Music of the Waters, and gazed steadily down into the basin where cast-iron frogs and turtles reposed far beneath the surface of the water, which was fringed with clumps of tin lilies and buds. Another classic represented a youth holding a boot over his head. The water dripped from a hole in the toe of the boot. This piece was entitled: The Unfortunate Boot.

Groups for public display were commanding. A Neptune with a ten-foot trident was done for the city of Hoboken, New Jersey, in zinc. St. Paul, Minnesota, inaugurated a contest for the production of a heroic fireman. The prize was won with a design of a helmeted, mustached laddie who carried a lantern in his right hand

while his left arm supported a child in a nightdress. Probably the prize piece was done for a gentleman in Cincinnati who had made a fortune as a packer. He presented a fountain to the city in which the crowning feature was a cast-iron pig.

One of the jewels of this artistry was associated with a crisis in the life of Roy L. McCardell, of New York City. It was on the lawn in front of a mansion on Long Island. Mr. McCardell, who recently offered a reward of $100 for the discovery of this fantasy, describes it thus:

"A cast-iron Cupid, very fat, was reclining lazily on a cast-iron sea shell sprinkled with pearly drops of cast-iron dew. One arm of the Cupid was outstretched, the forefinger pointing at a cast-iron mastiff. On the forefinger was a cast-iron butterfly, poised for flight."

Mr. McCardell's reason for offering the reward was purely sentimental. He was calling on the daughter of the family — 35 years ago — against the father's consent, and the father appearing unexpectedly, Mr. McCardell made a dash for freedom. He was getting well under way when he crashed into the Cupid and fell. Before he could recover, the father caught him and booted him the balance of the distance over the spacious lawn. It required several weeks for Mr. McCardell to recover, and by that time a hated rival had picked his way through the cast-iron pieces and had taken the girl to wed.

Many other rare and joyous examples of the molder's technic might be recited, but a further inventory is not essential. The art was doomed to meet the disapproval of critics. Though the manufacturers declared the idea back of their work was "to cheer and refine," the "arty" authorities began to cast aspersions. They declared the conceptions were crude, grotesque, ugly, irreconcilable, noisy, overdone, abominable and villainously bad. Everything in cast iron and cast zinc should be abolished, they decreed, for aye, or longer.

And so stately stag and massive mastiff began to find their way into the maws of roaring furnaces, to be seen no more, alas! Still, there were a few owners who declared, "Once art, always art," and kept their animals.

And now, after all these years, comes recognition. Collectors, nostrils wide on scent, attend all auction sales. If their influence proves strong enough, the time may yet come when a stroll through the Metropolitan Museum will reveal the presence of a cast-iron pigeon or a wire-whiskered rabbit.

Our West Coast Export Boom

Condensed from The World's Work (June, '29)

Freeman Tilden

ON the West Coast of the United States, in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland, they are beginning to refer to the Pacific as "our ocean." It is not said in a belligerent way. There is even a touch of humor in it. But behind the phrase is a deep realization that the future of the country west of the Rockies is irrevocably bound up with export trade, and that this trade, with the Orient, South America, and Europe, will one day dot the biggest sea with ships as thickly as the North Atlantic lane is now sprinkled.

What this Pacific trade will finally amount to can only be guessed. There are a billion people in what we haphazardly call the Orient. They are the neighbors of our Pacific Coast. Remember that Yokohama, 12,000 miles from London, is only 4500 miles from our western shores. Already there is great shipbuilding activity among French, German, Norwegian, and British shipowners with an eye to this carrying trade.

The slightest increase in buying power of a billion people is bound to create a purchasing power sufficient to keep many factories at work. They used to say, in the mill cities of Lancashire, that one inch added to the cotton shirt of the coolies of the Orient would keep humming all the spindles of that county; and that illustrates what may happen to the Pacific Coast.

Yet I do not mean to write of this trade as something that is about to happen. It is already happening. It has been in progress for a number of years. When Captain Robert Dollar took over a fleet of government-owned ships built during the war, and proposed his "round the world on railway schedule" service, the old hands at the shipping game smiled feelingly. But the valiant old skipper, then nearing 80 years old, had faith in his notion and in 1924 the service was started. Now the idea is such a success that foreign shipping lines have gone in for it. They do say that Capt. Dollar saw half a million go to Davy Jones's locker before the corner was turned. But his vision was justified.

No story of this Pacific Coast trade would be complete without including Capt. Dollar. On his first trip with the President ships

he visited every port of call and paid his respects, not only to the representatives of foreign lines but also to the important shippers who might have business that the Dollar Line would need. In Singapore he climbed up three flights of stairs to shake hands with a British exporter who didn't think much of Americans. The Britisher shook hands, stared at the old man, and let it go at that.

About three years later, the old sea dog made another trip drumming up freight business. Again he climbed the three flights of stairs. This time the Britisher looked at his visitor curiously and said, "Sit down, captain. You visited me three years ago. Do you mind telling me how old you are?"

"Eighty-three."

"And you climb these three flights of stairs to see me? At your age! Captain, I've never given your line any business, but I'm going to begin."

This new trade means romance, but hard work too. We hear much to the effect that Americans are not exported minded; that our packing is bad, our psychology is wrong, and what not. And there is surely truth in all this. Yet we are learning, despite the strange mistakes that are inevitable.

There is the amusing instance of a live-wire American who got the idea that China was an excellent place to sell life insurance. He went to Shanghai, and surprised his home office by selling insurance fast. In fact, these were the easiest pickings he had ever found. The Orientals actually rushed to his office clamoring for insurance. In the back of his head, however, the agent did rather wonder when the joker was going to show up. It showed up one morning when one of his policyholders died. He found his office wrecked and a letter from a friend advising him to leave. The Chinese had been buying the policies thinking that they were a guaranty against death, not balm to soothe widows' grief.

One firm, selling a patent medicine, advertised free samples to those who would furnish addresses. No response. Inquiry disclosed the fact that in the Chinese mind anything offered free is a palpable swindle. The firm offered the samples at a small price and got a deluge of replies.

The poor folk haven't much money, but they have strong notions of spending what they have. They don't buy a package of cigarettes, a package of chewing gum, a can of peaches, or a box of raisins. They buy one cigarette, one stick of gum, half a peach, or a handful of raisins.

Also, they see in picture language. On the package of a cer-

tain kind of butter appears the picture of a California poppy. The trade name of the butter is Golden State, but the Chinese know it as golden-flower butter. A firm which had planned very carefully the sale of an excellent product, found that the goods simply would not sell. Finally one of the firm's native boys told them why. The wrapper had a picture of a rising sun. To the Chinese that picture meant only one thing: that the goods were Japanese, because the Japanese use that symbol on their flag. And no Chinese was going to buy Japanese goods.

For certain products, where quality is wanted, such as butter, tinned milk, apples, oranges, fresh fruits, dried fruits, the Orient is already tied up to our West Coast. When the Orient wants ice cream it can buy it out of a California port about as cheaply as it could make it; and it is of better quality.

Then there is another important phase of the West Coast's exports — the trade with South and Central America, and the European trade. Much of the trade which formerly traveled across the United States by rail and thence to Latin America by boat is now going south (down the *west* coast of South America and through the Straits of Magellan) directly out of California ports. The trade with Europe through the Panama Canal is even more impressive. Swift new cargo ships are being put into commission by the Hamburg-American Line, North German Lloyd, the East Asiatic Company, the Johnson Line (a Swedish company), the French Line, and Osaka Shosen Kaisha of Japan. Largely as a result of this trade, the Panama Canal, which few persons ever expected to see on a paying basis, cleared nearly eleven million dollars in 1928.

Now, what ports on our Pacific Coast will share this great future of export trade? All ports, of course, large and small; but chiefly these: San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, and Portland.

There is great rivalry among the West Coast ports and a good-natured and somewhat academic dispute as to preëminence among the three largest. Los Angeles figures that it is the second ocean port in the United States, next only to New York, because more tonnage of ocean cargoes is handled. San Francisco replies, "Yes, but the value of our commerce makes us the greatest port on the West Coast, because value should be figured rather than tonnage." Seattle's claim to position is based on her unrivaled and immensely valuable imports of silk.

Actually, there would seem to be enough glory and enough prosperity in store for all three.

Healing at Angelus Temple

Condensed from The Christian Century (April 24, '29)

William Worthington

THE main stage upon which Aimee Semple McPherson performs her miracles of healing is Angelus temple, Los Angeles. As the stranger approaches the place he is impressed with the fact that a master hand has been at work setting the scenery, and that someone with financial ability has assembled the funds to create the plant valued at over half a million dollars.

Angelus temple is a fairly good looking place. The main auditorium holds from three to five thousand people and is designed to handle them quickly, with freedom for the movement of "workers," the troops of "seekers" and the "sick" around the altars. It is also well equipped with the instruments of sound and sight that are necessary to get results. The balustrades running along the sides of the room and leading down to the platform make possible a grand entry of the chief functionary in her flowing robes. The ceiling simulates a sky flecked with fleecy clouds. The platform is always decorated with an abundance of flowers and Mrs. McPherson as she enters usually carries a large bouquet of red roses or carnations.

The regular healing meetings begin at seven in the evening, Wednesday and Saturday. There is very little that is "churchy" about Angelus temple, if by the term is meant darkness and dignity of architecture. The music of the "silver band" is lively. It clips right along, and singing is done with a freedom and vigor that is inspiring. They sing from memory and without pause between verses. This feature of lively temple music applies not only to Angelus temple, but to all its branches from British Columbia to San Diego as I have seen them.

I seemed to have seen this audience before — the type was familiar. They are good people with toil-worn hands and heavy faces, unlearned in things of the mind, but great in the realm of feeling and deeply moved by what they see and hear. They are the kind who need no other testimony to the truth of a thing than that they have seen it with their own eyes. It does not occur to them to ask if what they see may be something different from what takes place.

No healing meeting passes without giving an opportunity for those who have been "healed" to testify. They are so eager to

do so that Aimee must limit it to those who have been healed of the most "serious" troubles — cancer, epilepsy, broken necks, tumors, T. B., blindness, crooked limbs and other serious ailments given up by the doctors. At one meeting she called upon those who had been healed of *some* trouble to stand. Most of the audience stood. Then she invited to the platform those who had been healed of the most serious diseases. They came trooping down, attended by a throng of white robed workers. I counted 33 who gave rapid testimony. Eleven of the 33 testified that they had had cancer. One had cancer of the spine with one vertebra gone; one had cancer with T. B. of the lungs; two had epilepsy with complications; and so on.

One man bore a casque-like arrangement made of *papier maché* and resembling the armor of an ancient warrior. It was evidently designed to hold rigid the upper part of a man's body and neck. This he used as "exhibit A." He bore witness with considerable detail to having fallen off a sea wall, fracturing his skull and breaking his neck. Two weeks ago he had come to a meeting clad in this armor and was instantly healed. Now he had "as good a neck as anyone." One man was healed of a broken shoulder and epilepsy; one witness had a broken leg; another heart trouble; two women had paralysis, one case of which was of 28 years, standing; another witness had the morphine habit for 23 years. All confessed healing instantly or within a comparatively short time.

One father testified that his boy had been healed of epilepsy, which was so "bad that he would have as many as 60 fits a day." Aimee stated that the father had been telling his remarkable story "about once a month." He had it well in hand. A man who during the evening had been conspicuous as an usher had come to a meeting with his back broken. All had been instantly healed and, to the superficial observer, looked well.

When the time comes for Aimee to "pray for the sick" she bids good night to radio-land and turns off the microphone. To the accompaniment of soft music, which plays continuously, she summons those who want to be healed. They come trooping down, accompanied by women in white who make a card file of their names, and are marshaled on the platform.

Now all of Aimee's powers of voice and presence come into full play. There are no lapses and not a dull moment. She produces a small cruse from under the pulpit and as each presents himself anoints him with oil, touching the forehead and sometimes the affected part with her

fingertips, calling upon the disease to be gone "in the name of Jesus." She runs her hands up and down the length of a person, commanding the demon of sickness to depart and the "power of God" to descend. There are incessant "amens" from her workers, and the audience hold out their hands, praying and groaning, the patient often doing the same, until a note of rejoicing or the falling cadence of weariness or satisfaction denotes that the healing has taken place. He then finds a seat in the audience or continues around shouting "praise the Lord," "amen," and adding to the general hubbub.

The case of little children carried to the platform in the mother's arms seems to arouse the sympathy of Mrs. McPherson and she throws herself with all her energy into the struggle with the unseen powers, the audience extending its full sympathy and support. There was one little boy with a shrunken limb whom I remember especially. She removed the shoe and stocking and massaged the limb frantically while she poured forth a volume of entreaty, returning again and again to the attack. She finally announced that the leg was filling out and getting longer, replaced the shoe and stocking and released the boy to run off the platform by himself. How active he was before the operation I do not know, as his mother held him in her arms up to that time. He played about nervously during the remainder of the evening in front of the platform and Aimee frequently called attention to the "little dear" and his supposedly new found activity. But to my unconverted sense he was still a deformed child.

To Aimee and her followers the healing is all very simple. She believes that the power of Jesus does actually bring about instantaneous healing, readjustment and correction of physiological, structural, nervous, organic, bacteriological, mental, moral disorders. She would not say that other prayers in other places are never answered, but she "just feels that there is going to be a special blessing on this very meeting tonight" and under all the rest that is said lies the assumption that there are few other places where the "power" is manifest, and that there are few other high priests who are able to invoke it.

Some of the things that are said to happen at Angelus temple yield to ordinary observation. There are, in the first place, some undoubted failures. It seemed to me that there was a wistful look of disappointment on the face of the mother whose little boy limped away on his still shrunken limb. Then there are some effects which may be explained by the

excitement of the moment. Doubtless some are helped in these moments of ecstasy to see that their misery may be forgotten or brought under control by a changed attitude of mind. Some probably have very little the matter with them to begin with. It is a common statement that 85 percent of all ills get well without outside help.

Some of these people are already in process of recovery. Some are cases of mistaken diagnosis. We are all tempted to exaggerate to make out a good case, hence the presence of so large a proportion of terribly serious cases. Lastly, there are apparently a good many "repeats." Some "first nighters" display an astonishing familiarity with the whole program. Their responses come too easy.

In any other field we would be inclined to question the honesty of the healer who took no pains to check his diagnosis, who, in other words, was not interested in the cause of a trouble.

Grave questions arise as to whether Mrs. McPherson actually accomplishes much of anything in the way of cures outside of the disorders which are dependent upon a mental attitude. Especially does one raise the question of the value of her ways when he compares their results with those of the methods which have grown out of broad human experience. Suppose we take the matter of tuberculosis. No expert has ever testified that she has cured one case outright. But let us assume that she has. She has the direct help of the Omnipotent and together they handle, say, six cases a week. The Anti-tuberculosis league and other agencies, employing the methods of sanitation, education, feeding and prevention, have in a generation lowered the death rate from this cause to such an extent that it may be truthfully said that hundreds of thousands have been cured.

How cheap and easy is Aimee's method! No years of toil to acquire knowledge and skill, no lifetime spent in careful investigation, no months of nursing to restore a wasted vitality, just one moment of ecstasy, just simple childlike faith! It is a method too cheap and easy and ignorant to get the world much of anywhere. Contrast this with the method of the American Women's hospitals who, when the war was over, found in southern Russia 20,000 children threatened with blindness from trachoma. They organized the clinics which in a few months saved most of their eyes and incidentally stopped the spread of the disease which through the centuries had blinded untold thousands, and all by a simple treatment known to medicine. Here is a miracle which Mrs. McPherson could not perform.

Why Outlaw Poison Gas?

Condensed from Current History (June, '29)

J. M. Scammell

EVERY so often we are told that experts have informed the League of Nations that asphyxiating bombs have been perfected by science to such deadly proportions that they can now annihilate armies and civilian populations. Each time, the claim is discredited by the facts. Less than a year ago Dr. Jacob G. Schurman, American Ambassador to Germany, told an audience at Heidelburg that with gas "it will undoubtedly be possible to annihilate cities with their millions of population." A few days later, as if to punctuate this sensational address, phosgene gas escaped from tanks at Hamburg. Correspondents thereupon assured us that this proved the accuracy of Dr. Schurman's predictions.

As a matter of fact, it proved the contrary. It demonstrated the complete futility of any attempt to asphyxiate a civilian population from the air. In a densely populated city, in time of peace, among completely defenseless people, a considerable quantity of deadly gas was liberated. No group of airplanes could have concentrated in so small an area so great an amount of phosgene. Yet no more than 12 people were killed and some 200 more affected. Gassing cities from the air is not a practicable military undertaking.

When we speak of "poison gas," the attention of the public is still riveted upon that melodramatic April day in 1915 when the Germans first loosed chlorine gas at Ypres. Chlorine is deadly. When first used against the Canadians they were taken completely by surprise and were without defense. Even so, they held the line and only 4800 casualties were evacuated. It is unquestionably true that among them there was great suffering. Masks had not yet been devised and proper methods of treatment were unknown. Since that time chlorine gas has lost entirely its early military value. The modern gas mask excludes it, and in addition every other known deadly war gas. While it is no protection against hydrocyanic, cyanogen or carbon-monoxide gas, these gases are lighter than air, wars are still fought out of doors, and they have no military value. The only deadly gas which the military today even consider using is phosgene.

Germany almost immediately abandoned the use of chlorine and began to use mustard gas, which blisters the skin and, under exceptional conditions, may be fatal. In 1918 the German factories produced this gas at the rate of 1000 tons a month.

As early as 1915 the Germans tried tear gas, and by its use took a large trench system from the French, capturing 2400 prisoners, almost all unwounded. When the war ended, tear gas and smoke were just beginning to be used on a large scale. These are either semi-harmless or wholly harmless agents. They will almost certainly play the predominant chemical rôle in another war, since a single tear gas shell can cover effectively an area from 500 to 1000 times as great as that of a phosgene shell. It is a safe generalization to say that the day of the importance of deadly gases is gone.

Apart from the fact that the non-lethal gases had not been fully tried during the World War, there is another reason why deadly gas may be considered practically obsolete. It was stabilized trench warfare that made its use effective in the War. Armies have become mobile through motor transportation since then. Motor-driven scouts scan the earth from the skies; motor-propelled machine-gun nests (tanks) and artillery support the infantry, and the infantry itself moves in motor trucks. Armies have become so flexible that our War Department has prescribed that our soldiers shall be trained only in mobile warfare.

Under such conditions cylinders and projectors are too clumsy and take too long to emplace. In the future the artillery will be the chief reliance for the employment of gas. But the massing of guns common in the days of trench warfare is not now provided for. The infantry division of the United States Army, for example, has only three-inch guns. The gas shells which these will fire are tear gas, mustard gas and smoke shells. It is not contemplated that deadly gas shells be used at all in the divisional artillery.

This is not to say that lethal gas has no military value. It has. It can force an enemy to mask and so reduce his fighting efficiency. Where the target is too indefinite for accurate shooting with shell it may be used. But the principal, almost the sole, common value of lethal gas lies in its moral effect, the fear which it inspires. That is very great.

To speak of "drenching" battlefields with gas is nonsense. To gas an area of 1000 by 1000 yards would require an entire regiment of field artillery. No tactician would consider sparing a full regiment to perform so futile an exploit. But what we may expect

from gas is the capture of masses of weeping, sneezing and puking soldiers, helpless and ridiculous figures, far from meet candidates for the Distinguished Service Cross. No weapon ever conceived promises to do more to rob warfare of its little remaining glory. And such pathetic creatures may be restored to normal health by a ten-minute dose of our old friend chlorine gas in a weak concentration such as is given for colds.

So much for the battlefield. Much uninformed talk has come, even from men in high places, about gassing of the civil population. But if the mysterious and powerful devices which are hinted at actually exist, it is strange that no chemist or soldier is aware of them. There have been no such revolutionary discoveries, not even during the war when intensive research was undertaken. Mustard gas was known by 1889. The British had experimented with tear gases in 1913. Lewisite is no more than an inferior substitute for mustard gas. The use of sneeze gas was proposed to Grant in the Civil War. The only gas capable of wiping out a city is rhetorical gas.

The veterans of the A. E. F. know from experience that gas is a far more humane weapon than high-explosive shells, which rend and tear the flesh. The evidence in support of this is impressive. Dr. Francine, who was chief-of-staff of a great gas hospital at Toul, stated under oath to a Senate committee that "of all the methods of war, gas is the most humane and the most effective." From his evidence it appears that gas, far from causing tuberculosis, tends to cure it. Nor is gas as deadly as other weapons. Of those in the A. E. F. wounded by means other than gas, 24 percent died. Of those gassed only 2 percent died. The experience of the British parallels our own.

Nor does it appear to cause as great suffering as other weapons. A former soldier, George Witten, writing in a recent periodical, says that from a shell wound he suffered excruciating pain. Gas gave him "a certain amount of discomfort, but nothing as compared with the misery attendant upon shell wound." And he adds: "The only men I have seen suffer from gas were men who thought they were gassed and weren't, and had worked themselves into a spasm of fear."

If we look, not to dramatic episodes, but to the body of established facts, it may well appear, as Captain Liddell Hart suggests, that "gas promises to do for warfare what chloroform has done for surgery."

The Language of the Theater

Condensed from The Bookman (April, '29)

Bernard Sobel

THE slang of the legitimate stage has been taking on accretions continuously from all forms of entertainment: burlesque, vaudeville, musical comedy and the circus. The process has been natural enough. A star drifts from burlesque into musical comedy, as did Fanny Brice, bringing her lingo with her. The actor from motion pictures talks back-stage just as he did before the camera.

The actor also appropriates when necessary expressive terms belonging to other occupations. Thus, words like "flop," "hit," "run" and "star" belong to the actor now, no matter where they took origin. Inversely, the word "ham" is almost exclusively identified with actors, even though, as William Henry Nugent states, the word is a cockney substitute for amateur in any line of endeavor.

During the many years that the actor has been striving to develop as an artist, he has had to take time off continually to fight for social recognition. The fight has been superlative in its cruelty — vagabond against prince, beggar against capitalist. Actor and actress have risen, notwithstanding, from vagabondage to the social register and the peerage. Few slang phrases remain, however, to perpetuate the contest and the victory. Those which have persisted concern largely the mere mechanics of acting and have become general in use: "upstage," "center," "stage wait." "Upstage," though, has taken on the additional meaning of "ritzy," that is, arrogantly proud and vain.

The stage is perhaps the most highly personalized of all professions. An actor must look to his rights as a lioness guards her cubs. His intelligence, as well as his physical assets, from the color of his hair to the sound of his voice, must be exploited, developed and embellished to maintain his success. This means that each player, all the while he is working for the general success of the play and coöperating with his fellow players, must, by the very nature of conditions, work paradoxically against them, in order to bring himself forward as prominently as possible.

The actor's devices for curbing, obscuring and "killing" his fellow players are many. An actor who distracts the attention of

the audience by fumbling with his clothes, while someone else is trying to get a laugh is "catching flies." "Cue-biting" means snapping off the lines of the preceding speech in order to destroy their efficacy. A star can avail himself of this device to "step on" his laughs. The actor who maneuvers for the center of the stage is a "stage hog" or "spot-light hunter." "To dry a man up" is to give him the wrong cue; to crab the lines, "laying the skids." Forgetting the lines entirely is "to balloon" or "make an ascension" and thus "stick" or "corpse" the other player. "Milking the audience" is to over-play for applause.

"A plant" is a person stationed in the audience who works with the actor on the stage. "Ad-libbing" is improvising. "When Jones got lost back stage I had to ad-lib all over the place till he came on."

Sure-fire, but hackneyed, material is "hokum;" brisk gagging between comedians, "crossfire;" a "dead pan" an expressionless face and "mugging" facial pantomime.

"The road" is the general term for towns outside New York, and the traveling players are "barnstormers." Smaller towns and villages are "sticks." "Simon Legree" means stage manager; "playing to the gas," giving a performance before an audience not worth lighting up for; "blowing the show," running away from an engagement. A producer who stalls off an actor is giving him the "merry-go-round." A "left-legged" dancer is one who cannot dance. "Floor moppers" are girls who do the splits and acrobatic dances, roll-overs and cartwheels.

The argot of the box-office resembles a secret code, the terms including "what's the B. O." for what's the box office price of tickets; "deadwood" are tickets unsold; "hard-wood," tickets for standing room or tickets given in exchange for higher priced tickets; "dumps," tickets returned unsold; "dressing the house," distributing a small audience so that the house seems well filled.

The early American stage hand was often an ex-seaman and much of his slang harks back to maritime sources. Stage hands are "grips" or "deck hands"; "pipe down," be quiet; "foul," a tangled rope.

The theater in fact, like almost every profession, trade, or business, has a language of its own, replete with lingual outlaws.

Must We Scorn the Businessman?

Condensed from Plain Talk (May, '29)

Howard Vincent O'Brien

TO one returning from a long sojourn in foreign lands it appears that despite stick-ups, bootlegging, political graft and high-pressure selling, these United States have relatively far more healthy, comfortable, educated and happy people in them than any other spot on the earth's surface.

But the "intelligentsia" have it that the mind of the American businessman is infantile. Among creatures of his own sort he may show some competence. That is to say, he can read specifications with some intelligence and find hidden meanings in a ground-lease. But let him find himself in a "cultured" gathering and his chin sinks on his chest.

In a recent widely-read novel was a character whom the professional destiny-disposers promptly acclaimed as the typical American. His name, ever since, has been used interchangeably with "imbecile." And although those who use it are scornful of what they call *clichés*, in all their writings the same words appear with the regularity of sheet-iron pigeons in a shooting-gallery. No article can do without frequent use of Main Street, Rotarians, Haroldbellwright, and Babbitry. The major premise is always accepted that what the majority likes is bad, what the majority dislikes or does not understand is very, very good.

A play well stuffed with hokum, over which large numbers of people have a thoroughly good time, is "commercial." A tune that can be whistled is "saccharine." A statue of a man recognizable as such is "bourgeois." The only sort of show that a man can without loss of self-respect admit spending his money for is the sort that fills not over a hundred seats in the theater. If it is the kind of show at which the spectator seems to be peeping through a bedroom keyhole, with a dénouement which makes him feel that he needs a deodorant, he can feel proud of having seen it. Art does not truckle with audiences. The higher it flies above ordinary heads the more certain it is to be art. One may wonder if Mr. Shakespeare and Monsieur Molière were not sadly mistaken in their ideas of art.

As for books, if a man likes a tale of blood-stirring adventure he has to do his reading within his chamber. To appear intelli-

gent he must be familiar with the latest analysis of an erotic introvert who sublimated his ego, rifled the cash-box, and fled to Tahiti in search of self-expression, leaving his inhibitions and seven starving children behind him.

In short, though it is conceded that the businessman serves some sort of useful function and can show a profit on the investment of his time, it is believed that this activity requires no more cerebration than a cow needs to give milk. When it comes to "ideas" he is valued at less than the post-war German paper mark.

The businessman seems not to realize that he has quite a case for himself, and that the critics who call him a hard-shelled creature solely concerned with the accumulation of money often disregard the facts. One might cite case after case in which "hard-boiled" businessmen have chosen to lose money rather than offend a principle. In fact, if one delves into the lives of men who have been conspicuously successful in business, one will be surprised at how few were inspired solely or even largely by the idea of profit.

The facts are not on the surface. Businessmen are painfully shy. Ask one what he is in business for and he will point to the card over his desk: GET THE MONEY! Yet one of the hardest-boiled men I ever knew tore up a contract when he learned that the party of the second part was losing money by it. When detected in one of these sentimentalities, such a man squirms and mumbles something about "good business."

Like boys playing at being buccaneers, the businessman resents any intimation that he is not hard-boiled. He likes to think of himself flying the Jolly Roger, the decks awash with blood.

Not many businessmen, perhaps, seem to show a desire to improve the conditions of the "working classes." In the first place, few businessmen are aware that there is such a thing as a working "class" — and if there is, they are *it*. In the second place, most businessmen are convinced that the only way a man can be permanently improved is by doing the job himself.

Though the American businessman is ready to nod when idealists point out his shortcomings, he continues increasingly honest and truthful. It is interesting that Count Keyserling found more of these qualities in the United States than in any other land he visited on his travels.

The man engaged in the arts is likely to preen himself on the fact that he is not a businessman. He will confess with considerable unction, lifting up his eyes to heaven, that he is not a businessman because of his higher spirit-

ual nature. But he *is* a businessman if he disposes of the products of his time for a consideration. He is often merely an incompetent one.

He is so incompetent that he does not even understand what business is. Not for him the stumbling step and slow progress with which plainer men are groping their way toward a concept of business as something vastly more than a mere means to daily bread. Those whose profession it is to sneer pay no attention to the men quietly occupied in research, much of it unprofitable, which seeks to eliminate waste in brains and muscles and materials, and to discover new things and new ways. Madame Curie's rather extraordinary statement was overlooked. Nowhere in the world, she said, was there so much pure and profitless scientific research as in these much-bedeviled United States.

The notion of business as something to which a man can without apologies consecrate his whole energies, physical and spiritual, is quite new. It is America's outstanding contribution to civilization. Nowhere else in the world are so many men quietly practising the novel faith that there is nothing sordid about commerce, nothing that is not worthy of the uttermost that a man can bring to it.

The new philosophy finds expression in such words as "service" — once a word not without dignity. But because there are grotesque instances of exaggeration the critics pounce upon them, and presto — it is a term of derision. Yet even the cynical, worldly-wise Europeans see in Rotary, Kiwanis, B. P. O. E. and the like a significance essentially religious, the awkward expression of ideals of a loftiness and vitality almost unparalleled in human history.

It is still a selfish and avaricious world, and the efforts of the individual to reconcile his daily covetousness with his ideals may occasionally provoke a smile — contemptuous, ironic, or merely amused. He is not perfect — bless us, no! But to anyone with standards of comparison drawn from other lands it is beyond my understanding why the hewer of wood and drawer of water, *genus Americanus*, hangs his head before the sophists who revile him.

The 1929 Melting Pot

Condensed from The Woman's Journal (June, '29)

Richard Lee Strout

BETWEEN 1892, when Ellis Island was first used to receive immigrants, and 1928, some 17,200,000 men, women and children arrived at this turnstile of America. In 1907, there were 5000 arrivals each week day, for 100 consecutive days, and a total of well over 1,120,000 for the year. Only twice afterward, in 1913 and 1914, was the million mark again exceeded.

Today, the million arrivals a year have sunk to several hundred thousand. Vast halls at Ellis Island are not in use, and echo emptily; or have been turned over to hospital work for the Public Health Service.

The thing that brought about this dramatic change was Restrictive Immigration. After the war there were those who felt that the "melting pot" idea had gone far enough; others argued that unemployment was already rife in America, without bringing in hordes of new laborers from post-war Europe. As a result, a restriction act was passed in 1921, and later modified in 1924.

And that brings us down to the present problem that faces Congress and the country today. The 1924 act was the beginning of the National Origins controversy. Mr. Hoover thought the subject important enough to make it one of the three things brought before the special session of Congress, along with farm relief and the tariff. He urged repeal of the National Origins clause of the immigration act and precipitated one of the prettiest fights seen in the Senate for a long time.

It all began from the fact that Congress refused to grasp a nettle, back in 1924, and instead of that, compromised and postponed. There was a dispute over the best way of estimating quotas, and Congress solved the difficulty by providing two ways. The first method was to go into effect at once, but was to be superseded in 1927 by the second after technical details had been worked out. The first plan — which is still in effect — is known as the 1890 basis. It permits each European country to send to America two percent of the number of natives of that country who were living in the United States in 1890.

The other system provided by Congress was the National Origins plan. Over this, all the controversy has centered. It al-

located quotas, not in relation to the number of foreigners who happened to be in the country in a particular census year, but in relation to the make-up of the entire United States population, native stock and all. It distributed quotas to European countries in relation to their total contribution to the American people, from earliest Colonial days down to the present.

The National Origins plan was to take effect in 1927, but Congress postponed it in that year to 1928, and in 1928 postponed it again to 1929. When 1929 came along, vigorous efforts were on foot to postpone it once more. But its supporters frustrated this effort, and now it will go into effect July 1, 1929, unless Congress, in the meantime, heeds Mr. Hoover's wish, and throws it out for good. It must be borne in mind that the National Origins plan is now on the statute books, and goes into effect automatically, unless, indeed, Senator Nye from North Dakota, who is leading the fight against it, is able to knock it on the head before its birthday.

Let us consider the 1890 basis first, and apply it to Germany. The census shows that there were somewhat over 2,500,000 German-born living in the United States in 1890. Two percent of that figure gives the German quota of 51,000. Quotas of other European nations are calculated similarly. Adding them all together, they give a total actual European immigration of about 164,000 annually. Of this total, Germany sends one immigrant in three, England sends 34,000, and Ireland about 28,500. Germany and Ireland benefit relatively over England, because their migration came to America later on, so that their foreign-born count in 1890 was large. In fact, under the 1890 basis, it is some 13 times easier for a native of the Irish Free State to secure a quota number than for a native of England.

Now consider the National Origins system. It begins by arbitrarily fixing the total European immigration to America at about 154,000. There are about 90,000,000 whites in America today. If a certain racial stock has contributed one-fourth of this 90,000,000, that racial stock gets one-fourth of the 150,000 immigrants — and so on. The chief difference, it will be seen, is that this basis reckons in the native stock in the calculation, while it is left out in the 1890 basis.

Under National Origins, according to census estimates, the German quota would be cut approximately in half; the Irish quota would be cut from 28,500 to 17,500; and the chief beneficiary of the change would be England, Scotland, Wales and

North Ireland, whose totals would rise from 34,000 to nearly 60,000. Other changes would be made, including a slight decrease from Scandinavian countries — but these are the important ones.

Of course, the major difficulty with the National Origins plan is to determine just what the racial make-up of the American nation is today. The estimates of the census experts are in dispute. Their calculations are extremely technical. Mr. Hoover feels that any system that seeks to disentangle the heterogeneous mixture of America's ancestry, back to 1790 and before, is foredoomed to failure. The present system, he argues, has worked satisfactorily, why change then, and risk the embitterment of radial antagonisms?

The matter came up in the last election. The Democratic candidate criticized the 1890 basis as "30 years out of date." In other words, he proposed to substitute the basis of the foreign-born living in America in 1920, for those living here in 1890, in computing the quotas. This would, of course, mean a radical change, for the tremendous influx of Mediterranean and Levantine people came after 1890. This movement from Southeastern Europe is not reflected in quotas under the 1890 basis, but would overshadow all others, if the later census were adopted.

National Origins is only one of the big immigration matters that need settlement. We hear a good deal today about bootlegged liquor, but "bootlegged aliens" provide almost as serious a problem of lawlessness.

"Our officers in charge," says Mr. Hull, Commissioner General of Immigration, "are almost driven desperate in their endeavors to stretch their personnel to provide some semblance, at least, of inspection at the various points." The philosophy of Congress seems to be that once a law is passed it is not necessary to bother to provide adequate enforcement machinery.

Another problem is immigration from Mexico. The present restriction applies to Europe, Asia and Africa, but not to America itself. The Labor Department recommends a quota law for Mexico. There is a Mexican colony of 200,000 already in San Diego, and the border states are well on their way, it is asserted, to "Mexicanization." Some 60,000 to 80,000 new arrivals are recorded annually, besides others who slip over the border uncounted, to evade the literacy test and the head tax. The debate on this issue is likely to be the next big subject of discussion pertaining to immigration.

Rag-Picking as Big Business

Condensed from The Scientific American (May, '29)

G. D. Dacy

A STERLING example of the practice of business thrift shines in Washington, D. C., where the authorities supervise the work of reclaiming all but the soot from the 225,000 cubic yards of trash and refuse which the street cleaning department collects annually. Instead of hauling this rubbish to public dumping grounds and burning it, the Washington plan "saves all the hog except the squeal."

Our national capital, a city of 100,000 homes and 500,000 residents, salvages more than $100,000 in paper, tin cans, bottles, broken glass, and rags from the trash it collects every 12 months. Seventy-five thousand tons of garbage are reduced to grease at a special plant owned by the District of Columbia and subsequently sold for $250,000. Collected trash is salvaged in a similarly profitable manner.

A huge electric press is employed to compress into bales millions of tin cans, which range in size from a face powder box to a large garbage can weighing 85 pounds. Eighty thousand of these bales are shipped each year to a Baltimore mill, where the tin is melted and made into window sash weights. Washington sells its trash tin for six dollars a ton. The annual return from this refuse rescued from ruin amounts to approximately $20,500.

Bottles of all shapes, sizes, and patterns are sorted from the trash by the hundred thousand and are sold to junk dealers who, in turn, return the glass containers to the manufacturers. All the milk bottles are salvaged and returned to the central milk bottle exchange. Broken glass, which is also reclaimed by the freight car load, brings six dollars a ton when eventually consigned to glass factories.

One carload of paper, equivalent to 30 tons, is reclaimed daily. The salvage value of this paper aggregates about eight dollars a ton. The paper is compacted into large bales weighing from 900 to 1200 pounds and is sold to paper mills throughout the United States. The final product made from it is cardboard.

The rags are graded into ten different classes and are sold to junkmen, who finally deliver them to paper mills. The old sheets or curtains which a Washington lady throws away this month, she may buy back in the

form of fancy writing paper or wrapping paper several months later.

Mechanical appliances speed the work. All the trucks which bring refuse are fitted with metal nets. When the truck arrives at the unloading platform, a steel cable operated by an electric motor links to the net, and in the twinkling of an eye the load of trash is deposited on the platform.

Electric power operates also a paper plow to push the trash to an endless belt conveyor. It is thus carried, stream flow fashion, before 24 adept pickers and graders who sort the miscellany of rubbish as it flows methodically in front of them. Each picker is a specialist. One snatches bottles and tosses them into a special bin. Another picks rags. A third removes paper from the conveyor and throws it into gravity chutes which deliver it to the paper balers. Other workers handle tin cans, books, or magazines.

The trash which remains on the endless steel belt when it reaches the far terminal of its course is dumped on another conveyor which operates at right angles to the direction of the original belt of steel. Several pickers face this smaller conveyor and remove any salable trash which by chance has escaped the first crew.

This conveyor dumps its remnant cargo into a mighty incinerator. This refuse consists of soiled paper, wall paper, paint cans, wooden baskets, crates and bales, old parasols, worthless rags, and other débris. Smoke and fine ashes are the only residues of this incineration.

You can appreciate that the salvage is most painstaking when you learn that of the 780 cubic yards of trash delivered daily, only two tons are burned. Here is a lesson in thrift and economical management which many other American cities might practice profitably.

The best trash harvest of the year comes at Christmas. The wrapping paper from countless Yuletide gifts is ultimately delivered to the reclamation establishment. This fresh, clean paper is simple to salvage and easy to sell. In Washington, the daily paper salvage almost doubles for several weeks after Santa Claus's annual visit.

Even romance occasionally finds its devious way into the municipal refuse station. Newlyweds seeking lost rings come as a last resort to this rescue establishment. And Senators' wives and congressmen's daughters who carelessly toss their jewelry bags into the discard drive in costly limousines to this fount of rejuvenation.

The Hummingbird Family

Condensed from Nature Magazine (June, '29)

Claire and Ralph Prather

TRULY, the resplendent hummingbird is a fairy to most of us! Burroughs has written about it as "vanishing like a thought" and has said: "The woods hold not another gem as the nest of the hummingbird. The finding of one is an event to date from. I have met with but two, both by chance."

We are dating from a certain spring in southern California, a season when avian architecture goes forward with leaps and bounds.

A silver half dollar would have fitted snugly into the top of the dainty, cup-shaped mouse gray nest of the black-chinned hummingbird which we finally found, after a week of hunting, on the pendant stem of an olive branch not ten feet from one of our windows. Vegetable down and small feathers served as a lining; tiny leaves, dried flowers, insect legs, these latter no doubt gathered in the quantity of spider web with which the whole structure was woven and felted together, constituted the construction materials.

We are giving the female full credit for having constructed the entire nest, for at no time did we see the male do more than observe. After it was built, a very strenuous task remained — that of modeling it — and the female spent most of her time during the next few days ramming the walls with her breast and tail until the whole branch quivered and shook.

Apparently hummingbirds "stake a claim" for the breeding season, and allow no other hummingbirds within the claim. A suitable location is found which must have near it flowers or bloom which can absolutely be depended upon to provide all needs for a growing family for two months. Our hummingbird family controlled about three acres and in the beginning had several disputes with claim jumpers in which they were victorious.

Two spotless white eggs, about the size of small peas, were laid, one the last day of May, the other June first, and now the male deserts. Perhaps this is a precaution, as the nest could hardly be kept secret with the gay male dancing about the sun-drenched patio of his home. At any rate, he seems to idle at the "club," as we term the male feeding ground. We have found many of them during the brood-

ing season but in no instance have we ever seen a female present. One of these yards, not a quarter of a mile from the nest, contained usually 25 or 30 males. Here, from sun-up to sundown, their iridescent bodies bewildered and dazzled the eye as they fed and played and quarreled mid a profusion of flowers.

To our surprise the mother throughout incubation left the eggs exposed during daylight hours fully as much as she brooded. On June tenth the first egg hatched, and the other hatched the next day.

We have seen ants almost as large! With a head and body of nearly equal size held together by a thread of a neck, they presented a very bug-like appearance. Naked except for a fine brown down upon the center of the back and top of head they were otherwise bluish brown in color while the sides of the head were occupied by knob-like, black, skin-covered eyes which were not opened until the 17th day. At that time the birds had the appearance of being well feathered. Also, the bill of the hummingbird when hatched is less than a sixteenth of an inch in length and broad and blunt. The bill takes several weeks to grow to adult proportions.

Food was given every ten minutes the first day, the young being fed entirely by regurgitation. This feeding is a strenuous tug-of-war; how is it possible for such a bill as the mother possesses to disappear entirely in a tiny nestling, seemingly not half so long?

Down covered the nestlings in five days, pin feathers showed in eight, while it was not until the 24th day that a little dull green showed on the twins' backs and on this day as well their first faint "tweet" was heard. Having no control of their feathers the youngsters seemed far too large for the nest — even larger than the mother.

The wings of a hummingbird are large for the size of the bird at all stages of development — and such wings! It has been estimated they have a stroke of 600 to 1000 a minute! And with such a high powered dynamo at its command it is no wonder the hummingbird is master of the air. However, we have studied their longer flights countless times and never could such flights be termed swift. What gives the impression of swiftness is not the ability to fly fast so much as the ability to stop quickly! In this they are supreme; here it is they confuse and trick an observer; before the human eye can register one stop the bird has darted in another direction. Add to this the fact that in flight the wings, almost the largest part of the bird, become practically invisible, that the long bill is not

seen, that all the feathers become absolutely glove-fitting and what is left of the tiny body is blurred by the wing movement — certainly there is little for the human eye to follow!

During the next few days while their tails were lengthening the young often raised themselves to the full extent of their legs, humming their wings and clinging for dear life to the bottom of the nest. At any time we expected them to leave, yet at ten o'clock on the night of the 29th day we found them sleeping peacefully.

At 4:45 A.M the following morning the nest was empty!

Soon, however, standing there in the gray dawn, we were overjoyed to hear a familiar "tweet-tweet" coming from an olive tree some 40 feet from the nest. One of our baby hummingbirds was discovered in the branches of the tree, the other on a shoot a few inches from the ground. Both were shaking from exhaustion, nervousness and cold. Carefully we lifted the weaker one up to a place beside the other and the next instant the mother arrived with breakfast.

Thirty minutes later the father bird appeared and was allowed to alight and remain a short while. Then he and the mother flew away together. This was the first time we had seen the male for exactly a month and yet how did he know the exact hour of his babies' flight unless he was at all times in close communication with the mother?

Flight the first and second day was a poor exhibition; weakness, poor distance judgment and lack of confidence were very evident but withal they were never forced to the ground. Adult birds as well as young, even the first day out of the nest, prefer an unobstructed perch. Certain perches are selected and always used; they do not vary a quarter of an inch the spot where they rest and in the case of twigs the bark at this spot is often worn perfectly smooth. On the seventh day the young birds were flying about the entire three acres, chasing one another in play.

Not until they were seven weeks old were they weaned, amid loud protests that had no effect on the mother. A few days later they disappeared from the feeding ground during the day, returning each evening just before dusk. When 63 days old they finally left us to follow the flowers up the slopes of the mountains.

Ponderables

IT is against the law in Buenos Aires to appear in the street minus a coat, and this city ordinance is responsible for a new and rather startling fashion for men in the Argentine. When the temperature last "winter" began to average 98 degrees in the shade, a young man appeared in the street wearing the coat of his pajamas. Since this was strictly within the law, and far more comfortable than even a linen suit, other men quickly fell in line. Almost overnight, a fashion was born. Pajama manufacturers, quick to seize the opportunity, soon presented numerous new interpretations of this new mode. It immediately became sartorially correct to appear on the street in the new style, and after a time whole suits of pajamas replaced the heavier Palm Beach suits of former "winters." Pajamas, being cooler, cheaper, and more easily cleaned, rapidly became the favorite garb among the Beau Brummels of the city. The brilliant hues and wild patterns seen in the streets seem to lend weight to the theory that men, in their secret hearts, long to transcend the drab sobriety of their ordinary raiment. — *The Living Age.*

An easy way for American manufacturers to improve the European market for their goods would be to exert their influence toward a scaling down or, better still, a cancellation of the Allied debts. It would be shrewd sales policy, more in keeping with what these same manufacturers do to create good will in their home markets. There is no occasion to go into the sentimental side of this matter, though with some of us that has weight; but it would be good business from the hard-headed, practical point of view. It would lift the economic pressure, creating resources to buy our goods. The money some of us expect Europe to pay would come to us instead in the form of profits, and the good feeling would last long after our loans were forgotten. And the manufacturers would be doing merely what they expect their least enterprising sales manager to do — remove causes for resentment among prospective customers. — *Earnest Elmo Calkins* in *The Atlantic Monthly.*

The radio is already international in its influence. We received recently a program from London and rebroadcast it over our network. On the other hand, President Hoover's inaugural address was sent all over the world by short-wave transmission. Virtually every night some American

programs are rebroadcast and picked up abroad.

In February of this year the first international broadcast of a program from London through the National Broadcasting system was transmitted through 40 associated radio stations from coast to coast. It requires no particular strain of the imagination to foresee responsible representatives of English-speaking countries, debating freely and frankly over the air questions of international relations. This will certainly make for a better understanding among the peoples of all nations and contribute in large measure to the achievement of the long-sought ideal of universal peace. — *M. H. Aylesworth* in *The Century Magazine.*

It is no exaggeration to say that the German theater is the most important, the most interesting and the most influential in the world at the present time. The German people as a whole still retain the medieval idea of the stage; they look upon it as a medium of culture; they go to the theater, not for amusement merely, but for a liberal education. Almost every German city of any size boasts of a theater endowed by the state or by the municipality or by a group of individuals, with a resident company of actors and a repertoire of all the great classic plays. The German people are taxed to support their theaters just as we are taxed to support our schools. In Germany the state exercises some control over the leading theaters with the result that they are conducted, not by business men whose one aim is to make money, but by artistic directors who are keenly interested in producing plays that possess an educational value. The tourist who travels through Germany when the theatrical season is at its height, will see advertised in the different cities through which he passes performances of plays by all the prominent dramatists — Sophocles, Euripides, Shakespeare, Calderon, Molière, Goethe, Schiller, Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw and Eugene O'Neill. State or municipal control also signifies that the prices of admission are kept down. Of course the German people have their musical comedies and their movies, but the significant thing is that they still regard the theater as a great educational institution, and that they are willing to make sacrifices to see beautiful plays staged in an artistic manner.

The Volksbühne Theater of Berlin is a typical example. The striking front of this massive structure rises across the end of a long narrow street that cuts through the working people's quarter of Berlin. The theater, built during the war at a cost of

$600,000, is the handsomest in Berlin. The most remarkable thing about it, however, is that it is actually owned by its audience. A society of working-people, numbering over 180,000 members, built the theater, hires the actors, controls the policy. The members of this society enjoy the privilege of attending the best plays at the low price of one mark — about 25 cents. The motto over the façade of the Volksbühne Theater proclaims this truth: *Die Kunst dem Volke* (The Art for the People). — *I. J. Semper* in *The Catholic World.*

I believe the inventions of the future — no matter how marvelous they may be — will avail us little unless human happiness is also increased. A big house is no better than a small one unless the people in it live happier lives, for the increase of luxuries is not a true index of increased happiness. The problem of happiness is concerned with spiritual values rather than with material values. Our lasting pleasures do not derive from the way we may happen to impress others with our outward excellence, but from inner mastery over our own conduct.

When the time finally comes that every human being has a comfortable home, with his life made less harried by a multitude of labor-saving contrivances, what next? If this would make people happier, there wouldn't be anything else to do; the millennium would have arrived and we could all sit back and enjoy ourselves. But my guess is that as material comforts increase, people will be no happier than they are today. I doubt if the modern flapper dashing about with her sweetheart in a high-powered motor car is any happier than was Priscilla and her John Alden three hundred years ago.

Sooner or later, as inventions multiply, there will come a shift of emphasis in our research. The competent and brilliant minds which have so far been directing their energies to material development will turn to the study of God and true religion. In the past spiritual discoveries have been more or less accidental and have been made by a scattered dozen or so poor but faithful souls. But when science has at last mastered its control over external nature, it is inevitable that it will then set as its task the perfecting of our control over our very complex inner nature; and when this task is seriously undertaken, no one will be able to predict the great things that may be accomplished. — *Roger W. Babson* in *The Forum.*

"Among July Magazines" has been omitted this month in the hope that its omission may evoke sufficient protest to justify the regular continuance of this recently added feature. If you have found it of value — drop us a post-card!

WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT (p. 193) is Director of the Rosenwald Industrial Museum of Chicago.

DONALD F. ROSE (p. 200), in addition to conducting the *Stuff and Nonsense* department of The North American Review, is columnist and editorial writer to the Philadelphia Public Ledger, literary critic for The Forum, and contributing editor of Aero Digest. In his spare time, such as it is, he gives lectures and after-dinner speeches on matters humorous, literary, and aeronautical. He confesses that he has no desire to become a pilot but is a willing passenger whenever an airplane happens to be going his way. He is 39 years old.

COREY FORD (p. 203) is a well known humorist whose delightful sketches and parodies appear most often in Vanity Fair.

MARY LEE DAVIS (p. 206), after spending eight years in Alaska, is now living in Washington. Her husband, John Allen Davis, is assistant chief engineer of the mining division of the U. S. Bureau of Mines. He was superintendent of the experiment station at Fairbanks, Alaska.

WILLIAM E. BORAH (p. 209) is United States Senator from Idaho.

A. P. PILIDES (p. 212), as Chairman of the Public Welfare Committee of the Detroit Union League Club, was commissioned in 1924 to study Detroit's boy problem. Some of the results of his study are presented in his article.

IVY LEE (p. 215) is adviser in public relations to the Rockefeller and other important interests. He is the author, among other volumes, of a book on Soviet Russia, and has traveled extensively abroad.

UPTON CLOSE (p. 218) is a newspaperman and author who has spent much time in China and the Far East.

JOHN ERSKINE (p. 222) is the author of many successful novels; is President of the Juilliard School of Music; and Professor of English at Columbia University.

THE ANONYMOUS AUTHOR (p. 225) who discusses marriage between a Catholic and a Protestant, preserves her anonymity because her article is so greatly autobiographical. A former instructor in educational psychology and a lecturer on educational and sociological subjects before her marriage, this woman gained an increased interest in these subjects after the birth of her own children. Several well known periodicals are familiar with her work as an author.

ANNIE OSBORN (p. 228) is a native Australian, her father having been taken there by his parents at the tender age of 11 years. Mrs. Osborn published her first short story when she was 16, after this came many historical sketches which paved the way for active journalism when her opportunity came in 1914. Two years ago Dr. and Mrs. Osborn came to America to live.

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON (p. 231) is a free lance writer whose articles on literary subjects have appeared in The Century and other important magazines.

WILL ROGERS (p. 234) the famous "cowboy humorist," has made an important place for himself in the world of politics by his large and intimate acquaintance among men in public life, and by his shrewd and humorous comments on their actions. He is at present the star of a Broadway musical comedy.

RUEL McDANIEL (p. 237) lives largely in his automobile. He became a cub reporter just before the War, and soon thereafter joined the Navy as a yeoman. Later he was made an ensign in the aviation corps. For about six years he has devoted all his time to writing, with exception noted in favor of golf.

JACK BLACK (p. 240) has given a detailed account of his own career as a criminal and prison inmate in his book, "You Can't Win." It is many years since Mr. Black "went straight" as the result of getting a light sentence from a California judge who might have given him a life term but realized that he had good stuff in him. If anyone knows the criminal mind, it is Mr. Black. He is now living in New York.

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD (p. 246), a prominent writer and journalist, is a feature writer for Collier's.

PAUL BLANSHARD (p. 249) went down to South Carolina to see just how the mill workers managed to live on their wages. He told one of the workers: "I want you to take me to one of your homes where a woman keeps the house going for the wages that most of you are getting. Don't take me to a widow with five or six starving children; I can find such people in New York. What I want is the story of how you normal people live on your wages."

DR. IRA S. WILE and MARY DAY WINN (p. 251) are co-authors of "Marriage in the Modern Manner," published by the Century Company.

ALBERT JAY NOCK (p. 254) is an author and student of international affairs who spends most of his time in Europe. He piloted the Freeman during its brief but distinguished career, and is the author of a life of Thomas Jefferson.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS (p. 257), in his temporary home in London, is writing constantly to enlarge what is already a one-foot bookshelf of his works. "The Founding of New England," which has first place on this shelf, was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1922, and the five following volumes, dealing either with phases of development in New England or with principle of statesmanship, have all been listed annually by the League of Nations committee as among the 40 most important books published in the United States in their respective years.

WILLIAM WORTHINGTON (p. 266) is professor of economics at Whitman college, Walla Walla, Washington, and is a Congregational minister.

J. M. SCAMMELL (p. 270) is a naval and military expert. His paper has been read by Chemical Warfare Experts of the United States Army, who find it correct in regard to technical details. He was formerly a technical assistant at the Naval War College.

The READER'S DIGEST

Enriches Spare Time

"It is remarkable how much anyone can accomplish by the habit of steady reading. The secret is to use regularly the briefest intervals of the day — the quarter of an hour before dinner, or the half-hours before we go to sleep at night, or even the few minutes we may have while waiting for breakfast.

"The man who assumes that some day he will have plenty of time to improve his mind will probably go unimproved to the grave. Uninterrupted time does not offer itself in our modern world." — *John Erskine.*

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